August, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Theft—Not Plagiarism

It is about time that a sharp warning should be administered to the literary thief—the word plagiarist has far too pleasant a sound—for during the last few months his daring has become positive arrogance. Formerly, the literary thief was content to steal from those who were injured only indirectly by the act. He turned over the forgotten poems of dead men; he pilfered stories from the French, changing the titles and the names of the characters and forgetting to give credit to the original source; he adapted to his own use the plots of tales which he found between the covers of old magazines. The literary thief of the present hour, however, finds these methods entirely too tame, as the following anecdote will show:

Some time ago a literary woman wrote a novel based on certain episodes in the life of a very great English poet—let us say that it was Keats. The manuscript completed, she forwarded it to a publishing house. There it remained five or six weeks, at the end of which time it was returned with a note, saying that, while the tale was an exceptionally well-written one, its subject did not possess any of the attributes of popularity. The author then sent it to a second publishing house, by which it was accepted. Now comes the sequel. Recently the author of the novel about Keats picked up a new book bearing the imprint of the firm to which she had first submitted her manuscript. To her amazement she found that the writer of the new story had not only taken her character and her plot, but had incorporated in the book the very historical inaccuracies of the first manuscript. Neither she nor the lawyer whom she consulted were aware of the fact that the writer of the second book was in a position that assured easy access to the manuscripts of the firm to whom the original tale had first been sent, yet without that knowledge and simply from the resem-

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF VICTORIEN SARDOU

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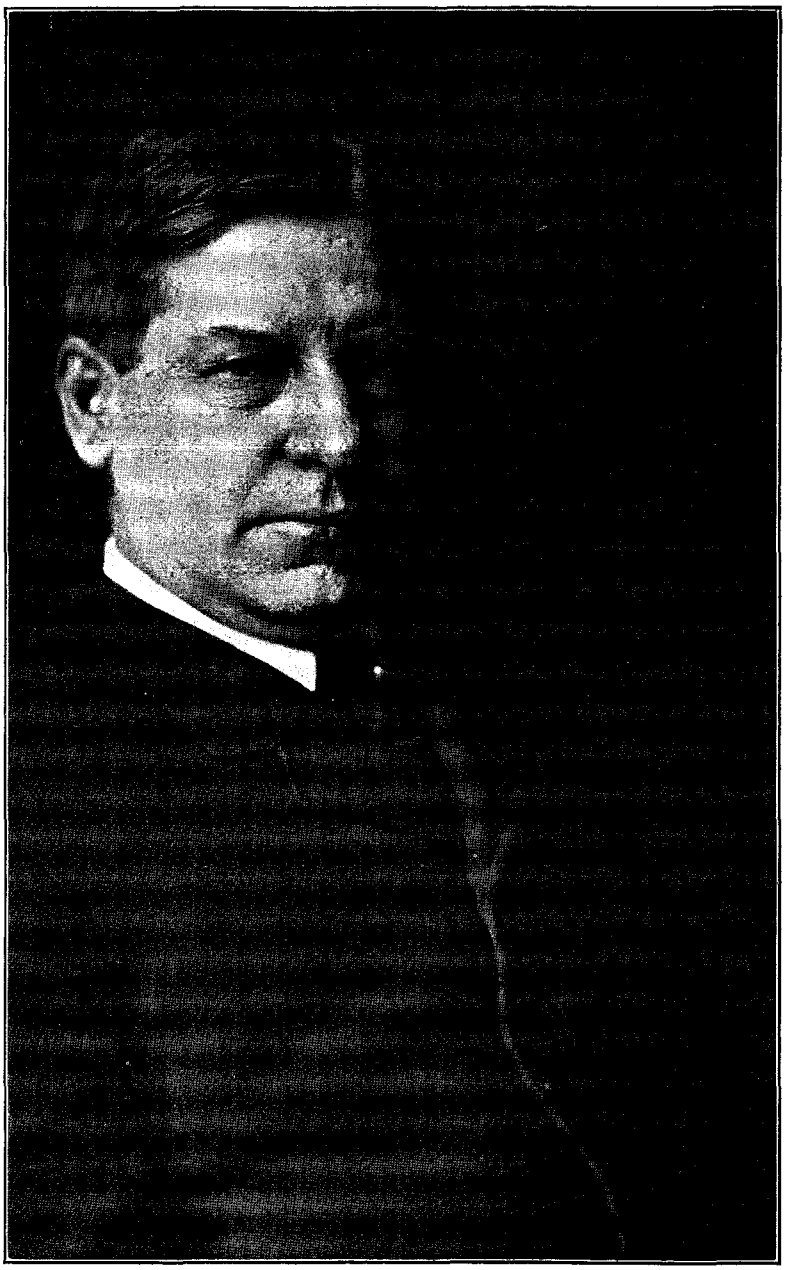
blance of the second story to the first, the lawyer urged the bringing of an action. The fact that in an earlier book, purporting to be written by the author of the second novel about Keats, an entire chapter is practically copied word for word from an article appearing in a leading magazine in 1879, eliminates completely the charitable possibility of "coincidence."

Randall Parrish

Mr. Randall Parrish, the author of *When Wilderness Was King*, a novel which for the last few months has been appearing with great regularity in the booksellers' reports, is a native of Illinois. His education was completed at the University of Iowa, and in that state he was admitted



RANDALL PARRISH.

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to the bar. After practising law for some years, he went to Arizona and New Mexico, prospecting through the mountains, and meeting with various adventures. Mr. Parrish has also served his time as a newspaper man on various Western dailies, among them the old Chicago *Times*. *When Wilderness Was King* is Mr. Parrish's first novel, and it is said that he wrote it in three months.

Henry W. Lanier

Mr. Henry W. Lanier, whose *Romance of Piscator* is reviewed elsewhere in this number, is a very well known figure in the American publishing world, and for the past four years has been one of the five partners composing the Doubleday, Page Company, of which he is also the secretary. Mr. Lanier is by birth a Georgia

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.

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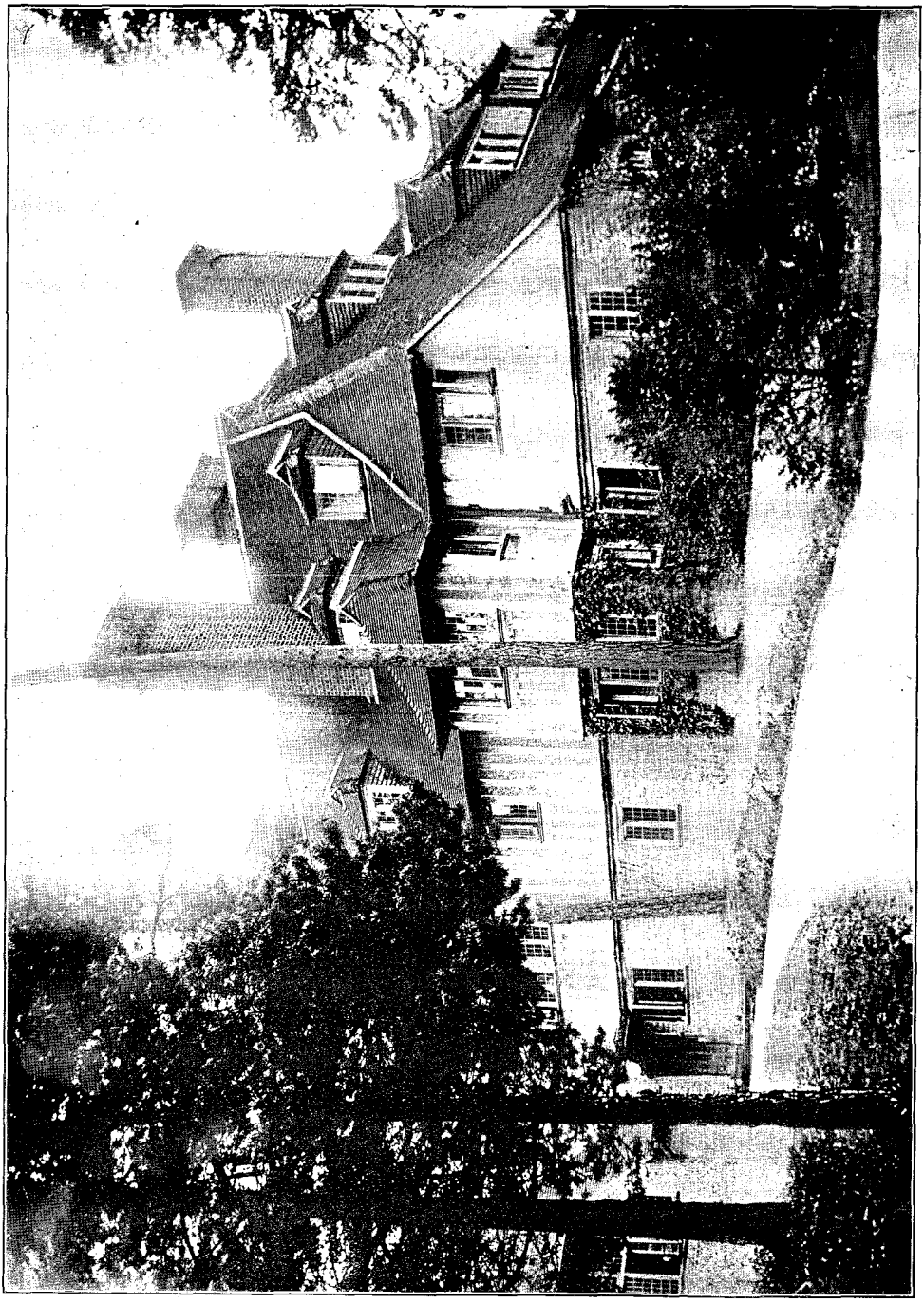

LIMNERSLEASE.
The Country Home of the late George Frederick Watts.

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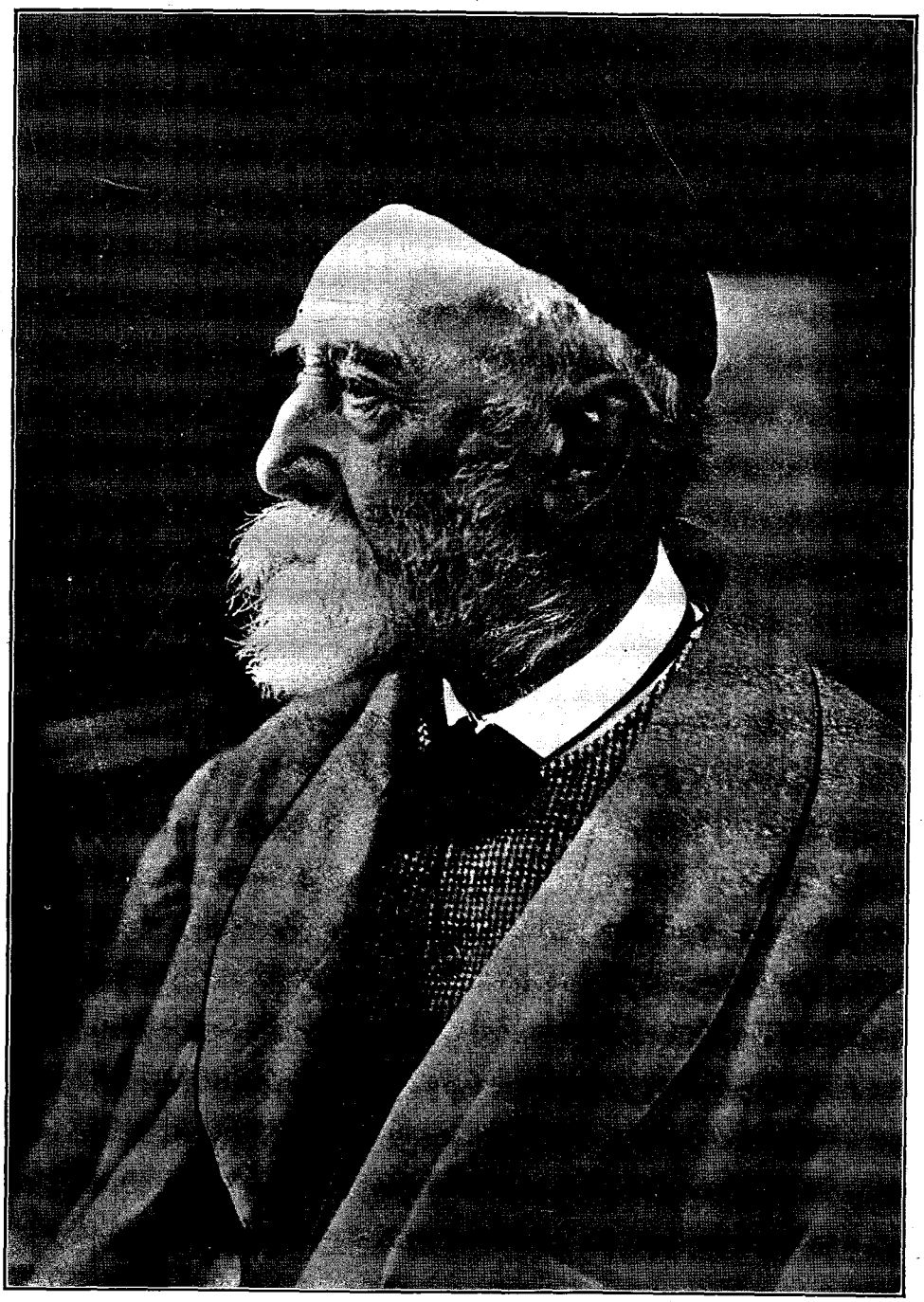

THE LATE GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.

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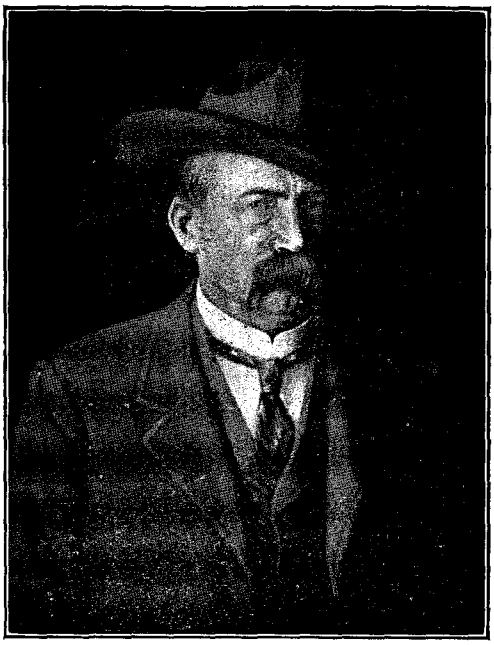

ANDY ADAMS.

man, but was educated in and near Baltimore. He prepared for Johns Hopkins University, but was obliged to give up his college course on account of trouble with his eyes. He became a civil engineer on the Belt Line Tunnel in Baltimore, and then spent a year and a half in the West Indies, locating a railroad across the mountains in the Island of Jamaica. In 1894 he developed an itch for writing and an idea of starting in the publishing business, and straightway went to New York. Nine fruitless months were spent in delivering letters of application to publishers (from which there were no returns) and in producing a great number of articles and stories (practically all of which were returned, with thanks). Then one day he accepted a position in a downtown "flimsy" office, and was assigned to cover hospital cases the following Monday. Before Monday, however, one of his letters to the publishers bore fruit, and instead of going into Associated Press work, he started in the Art Department of *Scribner's Magazine*. With the Scribners he remained in the Art, Book, Editorial, and Advertising Departments, until the autumn of 1898, when he joined Mr. Doubleday, who at that time was one of the partners of the Doubleday & McClure Company.

"The Cowboy Novelist"

Andy Adams, to whom his friends and publishers have given the picturesque name of the "cowboy novelist," was born in Indiana, but his twentieth year found him on the plains of Texas in full cowboy war paint. For ten years he followed this life, when, after various vicissitudes, he turned up at Colorado Springs in the early nineties. *A Texas Matchmaker* follows the *Log of a Cowboy*, published last year, and the third book, now in preparation, will deal with the marketing of cattle. The photograph of Mr. Adams which is reproduced herewith is the work of Mr. Charles Craig, dubbed the "Indian artist," of Colorado Springs.

Samuel Merwin

Mr. Samuel Merwin, the author of *The Merry Anne* and *Calumet K*, was born at Evanston, Illinois, thirty years ago, and was educated at the public schools at Evanston and at Detroit, and at Northwestern University. The greater part of his boyhood was passed on the shores of Lake Michi-

SAMUEL MERWIN.

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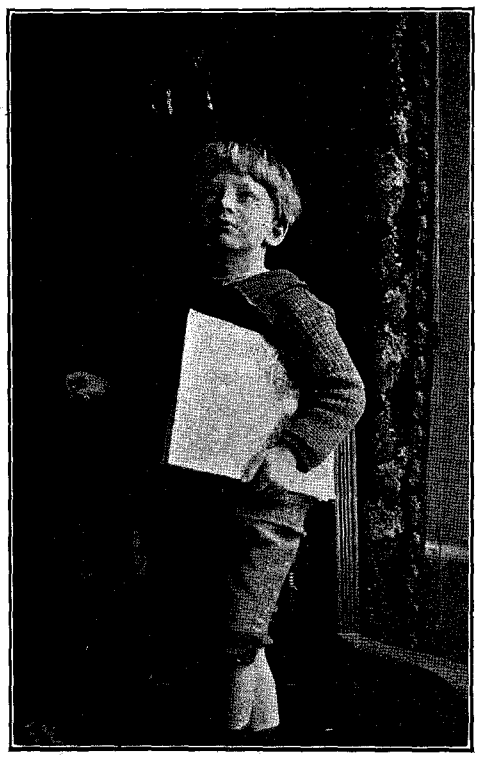
gan, and he derived at first hand his knowledge of the lake, the schooners that ply its waters, and the men that sail them. About six years ago, in collaboration with Henry K. Webster, he wrote *The Short Line War,* and followed up its success with *Calumet K.* His new novel, *The Merry Anne,* is a tale of Lake sailors, introducing a band of smugglers and contraband whiskey.

The Real "Admirable Tinker"

Hildebrand Anne Beauligh, the young "Sherlock Holmes in knee pants," who is the hero of Edgar Jepson's *The Admirable Tinker,* is not entirely a fictitious person. He has an original in real life, the youthful son of the author, Selwyn Jepson, who already at the age of five has developed a fine resourcefulness and cleverness especially in getting the best of his parents. The escapades of his infant offspring gave Mr. Jepson the idea which expanded itself into *The Admirable Tinker,* and, in fact, young Selwyn was the direct inspiration of many of the stories. Mr. Jepson is a very fond parent, and it is because he thinks that the country is good for children that he lives in a remote London suburb instead of at the centre of the city itself, which personally he would much prefer. He has a disdain for the country, which he says is "very monotonous; nothing but grass, grass, grass; and trees, trees, trees."



SELWYN JEPSON.
The original of "The Admirable Tinker."

MARTIN HUME.

Martin Hume

Martin Hume, the author of *The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots,* bears the distinction of being a successful author in two languages. He is one of the leaders in the modern literary movement in Spain, and contributes almost regularly each month historical articles of fiction to the leading Spanish monthlies, *Nuestro Tiempo* and *La Lectura.* He is a member of the Royal Spanish Academy and of the Royal Academy of History, and holds a Commander's cross, given him by the Queen Regent in recognition of his literary work. His family has been connected over one hundred years with the diplomatic service in Spain, and he himself was born in Madrid. He is the editor of *The Calendar of Spanish State Papers* in the English Public Record Office, and in that capacity has produced nine thick volumes. But this is only one side of Major Hume's character. He has had experience in war and in the political

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arena. He is a retired officer of the Third Battalion, Essex Regiment, and was at one time connected with the Turkish Army, serving in the battles of Karahasan Koi and Popkoi. His political career was not particularly successful, though he was

FORD MADDOX HUEFFER.

a Liberal candidate three times for a seat in Parliament. His *Love Affairs of Queen Elizabeth,* with two added chapters showing the personal side of the virgin queen's love episodes, is about to be published in this country.

❧

Mr. Conrad's Collaboration

Ford Maddox Hueffer and Joseph Conrad are jointly responsible for *Romance.* From such a collaboration it is likely that Mr. Conrad will get whatever there is of honour and Mr. Hueffer whatever there is of blame, or be swamped altogether. The fact is, however, that Mr. Hueffer is quite as interesting a person in his way as Mr. Conrad. He is a nephew of the Rosettis, and has a number of successful books to his credit; his first, *The Brown Owl,* has run into ten editions. The history of the collaboration between Mr. Conrad and Mr. Hueffer is interesting from the fact that it was Mr. Conrad who asked to be allowed to work with Mr. Hueffer. The plot of the story almost as it now stands had been flashed into Mr. Hueffer's brain by some incidents in the famous Admiralty trial of Cuban pirates. On having it recounted to him, Mr. Conrad's enthusiasm took flame and he begged to be allowed to collaborate. Forthwith, the two began the book. That was some half a dozen years ago, in the beginning of their friendship. Between the starting and finishing of *Romance* the two friends produced another collaboration, *The Inheritors.* Mr. Hueffer is Conrad's literary adviser, and a good deal of Mr. Conrad's work is done at his house, especially the last chapters of stories, which Mr. Conrad finds most difficult to write. Mr. Hueffer, though a descendant of the Rosettis, makes a good deal of sport of the mysticism and symbolism of the pre-Raphaelites. To an inquisitive person who inquired recently how he wrote, he replied with perfect gravity that he could not write anything unless he was "standing, with a tame duckling fast asleep between his feet"—a story which was quoted seriously and with mild surprise by one of our newspapers.

❧

Mrs. Ward's New Story

To judge from the first number, Mrs. Humphry Ward's new story, *The Marriage of William Ashe,* now running serially in *Harper's,* will have the same setting as *Lady Rose's Daughter*—politics and the best London society and a salon where celebrities gather, including the Prime Minister; and if we may safely reason from its predecessors it will so insist on the refinement of some of the characters that you will long to hear them say something coarse, and the virtues of the good people will engage their entire attention, and some will be witty, but you will have to take her word for it and some will be charming, but they will give no sign. At certain points mirth will be invited and the occurrence of hearty laughter even mentioned in

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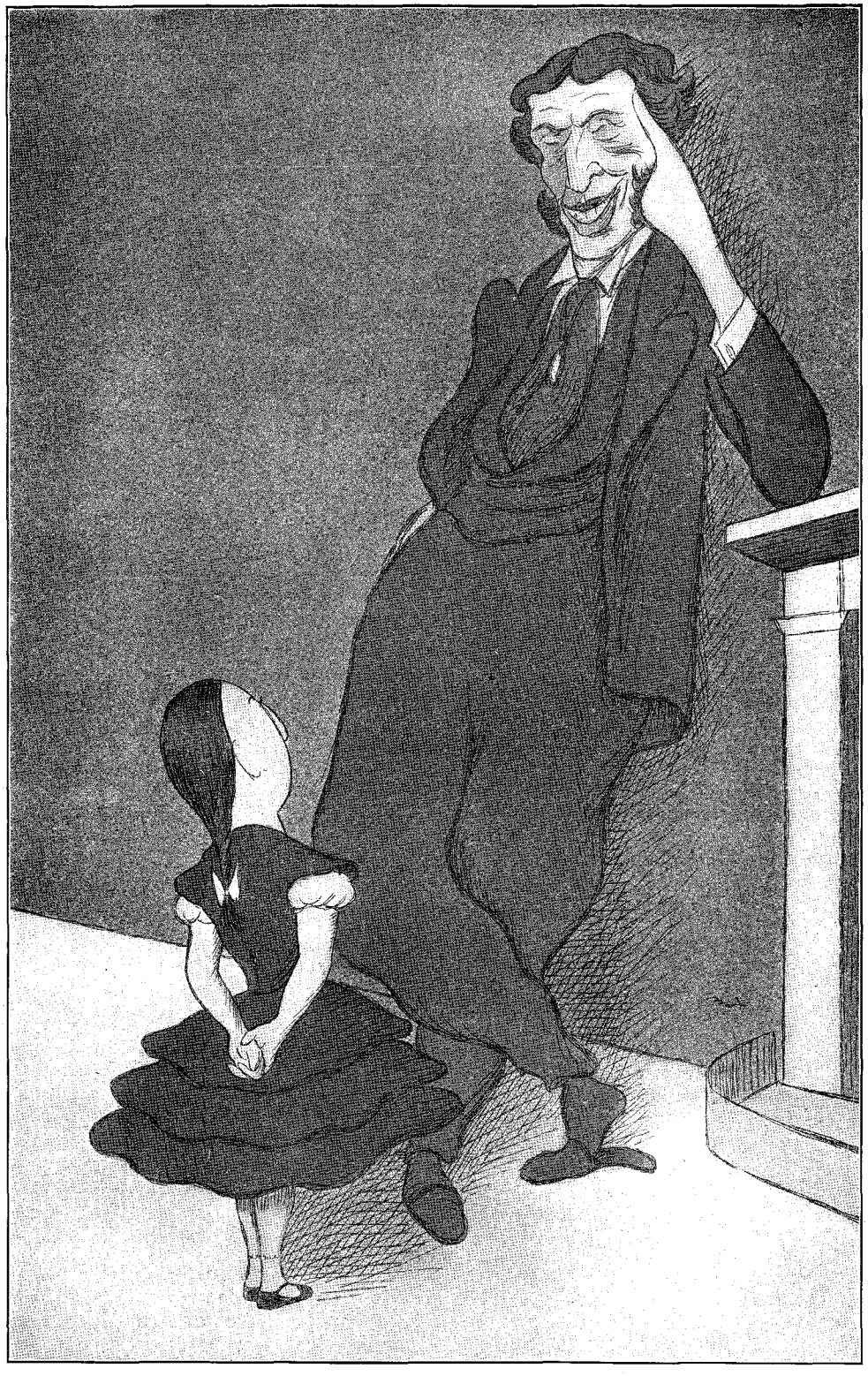

Mr. Matthew Arnold—To him Miss Mary Augusta (his niece, afterward Mrs. Humphry Ward) Why, Uncle Matthew, oh why, will not you be always wholly serious?

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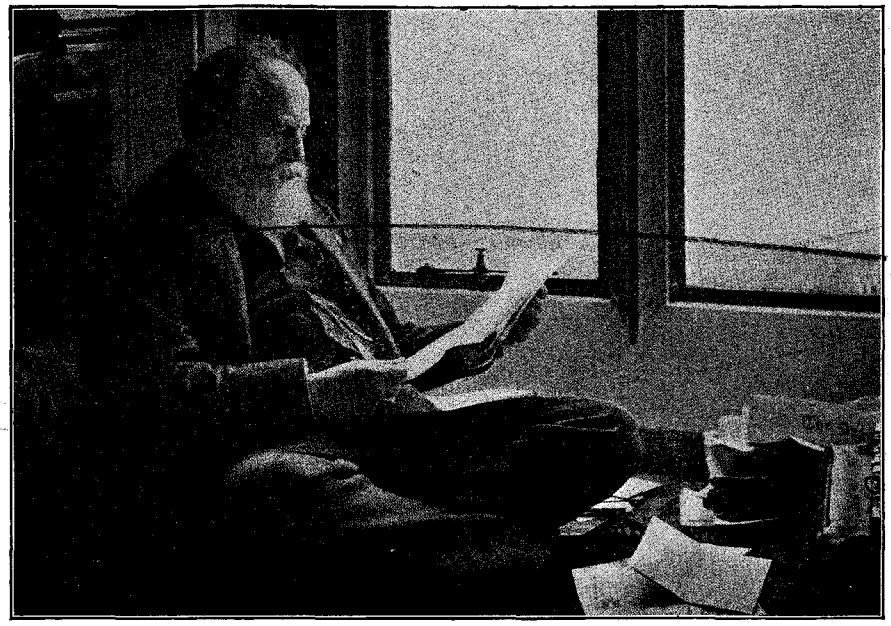

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF W. T. STEAD.

the text, but at these moments neither she nor you will feel quite comfortable. The truth is, it bores her to unbend, and as may be seen from the accompanying cut by Mr. Max Beerbohm she prefers that others should not do so. There are, of course, many light characters in Mrs. Ward's novels, but whether light or heavy, her people never have any interest apart from what they are called upon to prove. All of which does not prevent her from writing a good story, for if she is not aware of human beings, she is at least aware of tendencies of thought, and we read few new novels that betray a consciousness of either. She is, in fact, a good allegorist, and when did an allegorist ever need a sense of humour? He must begin early as she does in the picture and remain so, if possible, through life.

❧

John Ames Mitchell

Although the biographical notices of Mr. John Ames Mitchell include a very respectable number of books from his pen, he is most generally known as the editor of New York *Life*. He was born in New York January 17, 1845, but his childhood was passed near Boston. He studied at Exeter, New Hampshire, and then at the Harvard Scientific School, afterwards turning his attention to architecture. He worked for three years at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* in Paris. As an architect, he practised in Boston for some years, and then gradually drifted into artistic and decorative work. On his second trip to Paris for the purpose of study he remained four years. During that time he produced several etchings, published by *L'Art*, received honourable mention at the Paris Exposition, and studied drawing and painting in Julian's atelier, and afterward with Albert Maignan. In October, 1880, he returned to New York, and soon became imbued with the idea that there was a field in America for an artistic, satirical journal. The result was *Life*, of which the first issue appeared January 3, 1883. Mr. Mitchell's latest novel, *Villa Claudia*, is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

❧

Thackeray and the New York "Herald"

In some paragraphs in our April number about Thackeray's American Friends and Prejudices, à propos of the series of letters written by the English novelist to the Baxters, we quoted Thackeray's comment on the unfriendly spirit in

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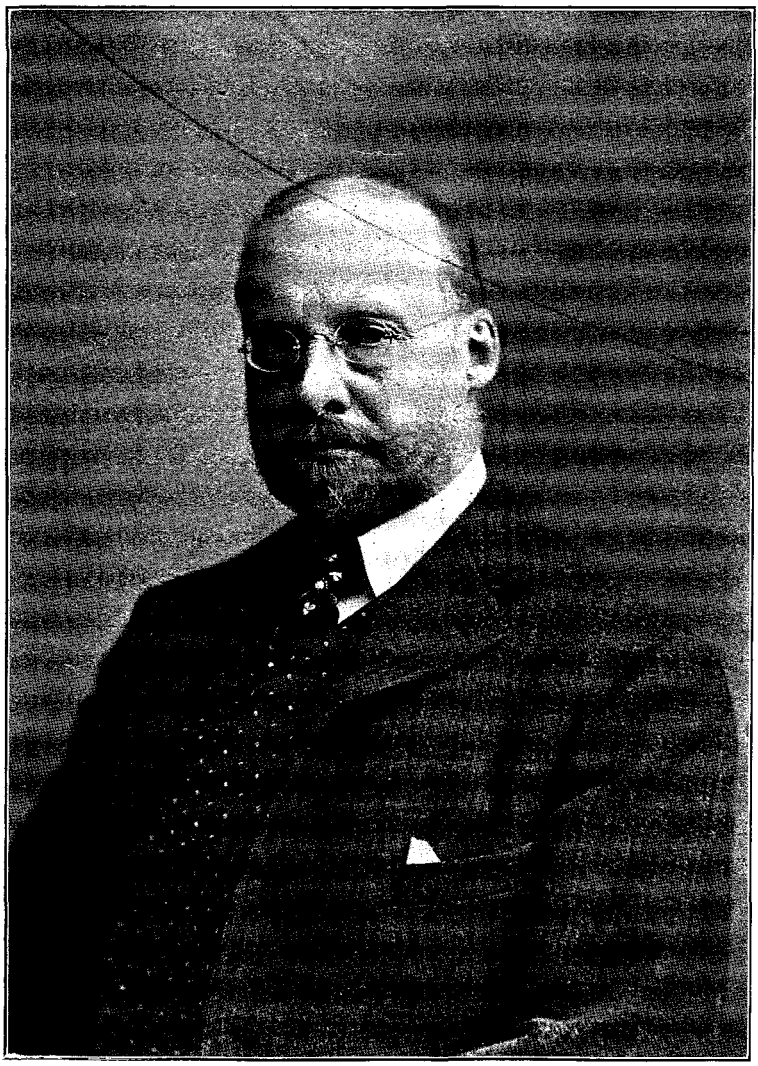
which a part of the American press and notably the New York *Herald* had received his lectures on the English humourist. On several other occasions of his later life he referred with more or less bitterness to these criticisms. "I remember at New York coming down to breakfast at the hotel one morning," he wrote in the Roundabout Paper "On Screens in Dining Rooms," "after a criticism had appeared in the New York *Herald* in which an Irish writer had given me a dressing for a certain lecture on Swift. Ah! my dear little enemy of T. R. D., what were the cudgels in *your* little billet doux compared to those noble New York shillelaghs? All through the Union, the literary sons of Erin have marched, *alpeen*-stock in hand, and in every city of the States they call each other and everybody else the finest names. Having come down to breakfast, then, in the public room, I sit down, and see—that the nine people opposite have all got New York *Heralds* in their hands. One dear little lady, whom I knew, and who sat opposite, gave a pretty blush, and popped her paper under the table cloth. I told her I had had my whipping already in my private room, and begged her to continue her reading. I may have undergone agonies, you see, but every man



JOHN AMES MITCHELL.

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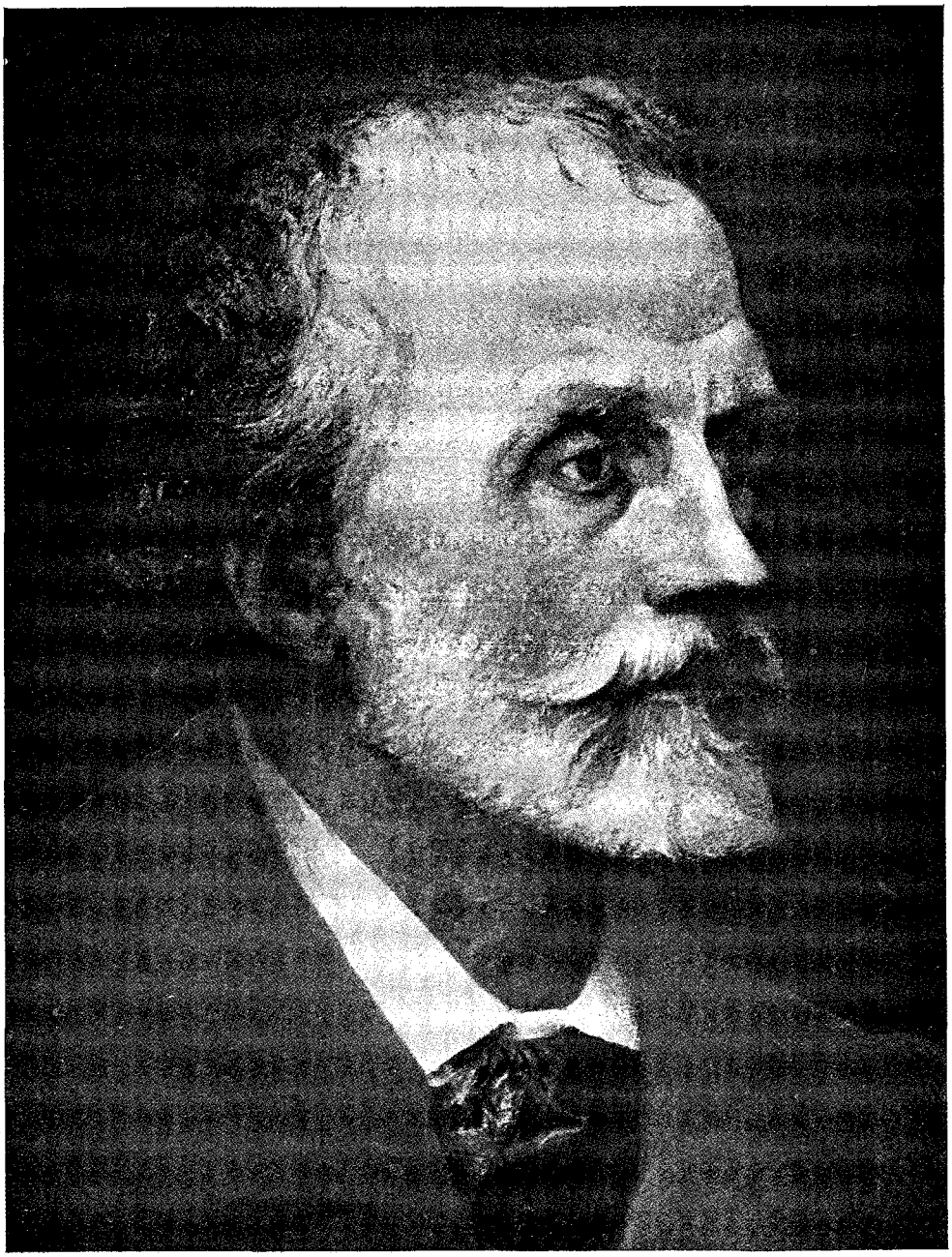
who has been bred at an English public school comes away from a private interview with Dr. Birch with a calm, even a smiling face."

Now as among all the delightful Roundabout Papers "On Screens in Dining Rooms" has always been one of our favourites, we took occasion when in a public library a few weeks ago to pore over the dusty volume containing the file of the *Herald* for the year 1852, in search of the slashing which caused the little lady to whom Thackeray alludes such



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

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visible embarrassment. We found it at length in the issue for November 23d of the year named in an editorial entitled "Mr. Thackeray and Dean Swift." The editorial reads in part as follows:

Mr. Thackeray, of London *Punch* and author of *A Book of Snobs* and some other work, in his first lecture in this country has proved himself as great a literary snob as any described in his book. This writer has been vastly over-rated on both sides of the Atlantic. Here, since his advent, he has been outrageously puffed by the press, and like Dickens he will probably be courted and fawned upon by all the snobs of every circle. In return, when he arrives in his own country, he will, we suppose, as the author of American Notes did before him, lampoon the character and institutions of the American people, who afforded him their hospitality. He is now 'a chiel amang them taking notes an' faith he'll prent 'em.' That his descriptions of the men and manners and politics of our country are not likely to be of a friendly or kindly nature seems evident enough from the fact of his virulent, wholesale attack on the character of the illustrious Dean Swift, which reminds

MRS. ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE.

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one of a living donkey kicking at a dead lion, or a dwarf making an onslaught on a sleeping giant.

The *Herald* editorial concludes with the following eulogy of Dean Swift:

He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour to Ireland. Thackeray's lecture has not the merit of being even a decent caricature of Dean Swift. But enough of Thackeray!

Mrs. Elinor Macartney Lane, author of *Nancy Stair,* the story of a Scotch girl who wrote verse and flirted in the days of Robert Burns, showed an inclination for story telling when a baby. At the age of four it is said that she was borrowed by neighbours to entertain their guests, and when nine years old received praise from James Russell Lowell for a school essay. Some years ago Mrs. Lane started a paper called *The Trifler,* which paper has the peculiar distinction of being published wherever the editor happens to be. Mrs. Lane's first novel, *Mills of God,* appeared in 1901.

Elinor Macartney Lane

The late Mr. Clement Scott was, as is well known, opposed to the drama of ideas, and to the younger writers on the stage he seemed a champion of about everything they disliked. An obituary notice in his own paper, the *Daily Telegraph,* declares that "he was not, in the true significance of the word, a critic * * * A brilliant impressionist, an unflinching advocate, a fearless partisan if you will, but not a critic." This evidently implies, says Mr. Max Beerbohm,

"That a critic is a dry person who can minutely dissect the subject, and then can separate those parts of it which are respectively according to certain rules which he has learned, good and bad, and can then with a steady hand weigh them in a pair of scales and register the balance for our inspection; and it is evidently implied that no other kind of person is a critic. Well, the kind of person here described is indubitably a critic, and indubitably a useful critic, and not so uncommon as one might fear. But it is foolish to pretend that he exhausts the possibilities."

Mr. Scott and Dramatic Criticism

Then he adds this very sensible view of the value of Mr. Scott's work in dramatic criticism:

"And Mr. Scott, even when he was standing in the way of dramatic progress, was indirectly doing good, for that he excited interest no less in what he hated than in what he loved. People were tempted to see what he cursed, not less surely than they were tempted to see what he blessed. It is bad to excite animosity against good things. But it is worse to engender indifference to them. That is what the ordinary critic succeeds in doing."

This will seem to some too much like the doctrine, "No matter what you do, if your heart be true," but surely no good can come of narrowing the definition of dramatic criticism so that it will exclude every writer in the English language who has aroused any interest in this subject. Our leading critic is Mr. William Winter, as far above Mr. Scott as the latter was above those studious cultivators of natural phlegm to whom Mr. Beerbohm refers. Yet many of us would almost trample each other down in our haste to see any play that Mr. Winter damns with certain of his picturesque adjectives. When Mr. Winter says "tainted" we think of Ibsen. If he says "putrid," we are off like a shot in high hopes of finding something as workmanlike and clean as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.* And so it goes. You learn the personal equation in time and allow for it. You may be sorry to find it so often in your way, but somehow when you read those writers who have it not you feel sorrier. Better the honest critics who sometimes go wrong than the kind who are never tempted.

As perfect a picture of the Joe Sibley who appeared in *Trilby* when Du Maurier's story was running serially as one could desire is drawn in Mr. Mortimer Menpes's *Whistler as I Knew Him.* This is a delightful book in two ways. In the first place, the illustrations are exceptional. In the second place, the author, writing in an easy and unlaboured style, gives you an impression of Whistler which you will not easily forget. Mr. Menpes's devotion to the Master, as he calls him, did not blind him to the preposterous sides of Whistler's character,

Whistler

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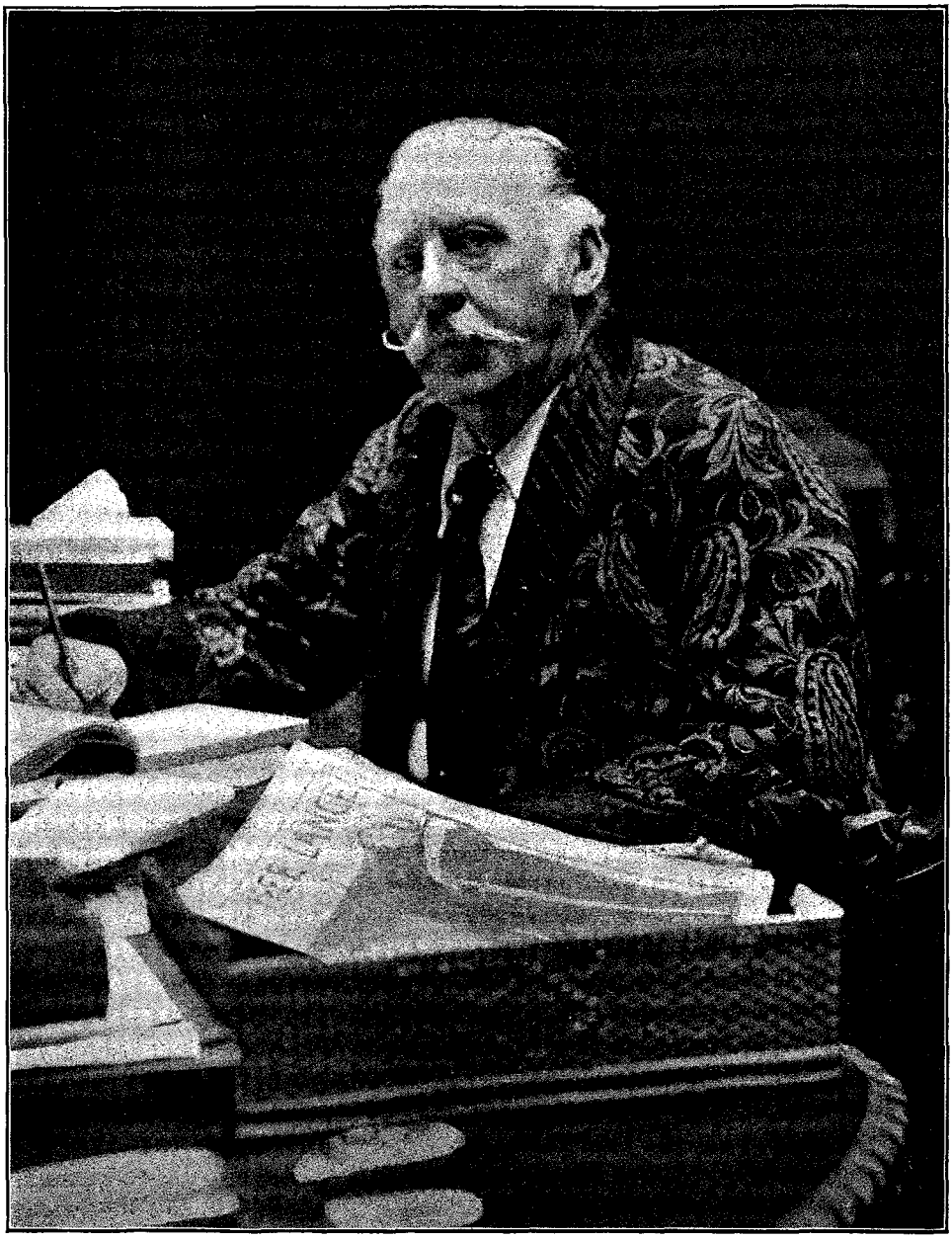
and with a very keen sense of humour he has shown Whistler at work and at play, at the tailor's, and at the hair-dresser's, flying into a perfectly senseless but quickly forgotten rage at his most intimate friends, or strutting down Bond Street in a coat that made him the observed of all the passers by.

In the chapter entitled "Master and Followers," Mr. Menpes gives a very interesting idea of the rank that Whistler held in the estimation of those who followed his methods. "We were true Followers," he writes, "and in the first stage of our enthusiasm we had such a reverence for the Master that, highly as we



THE LATE CLEMENT SCOTT.

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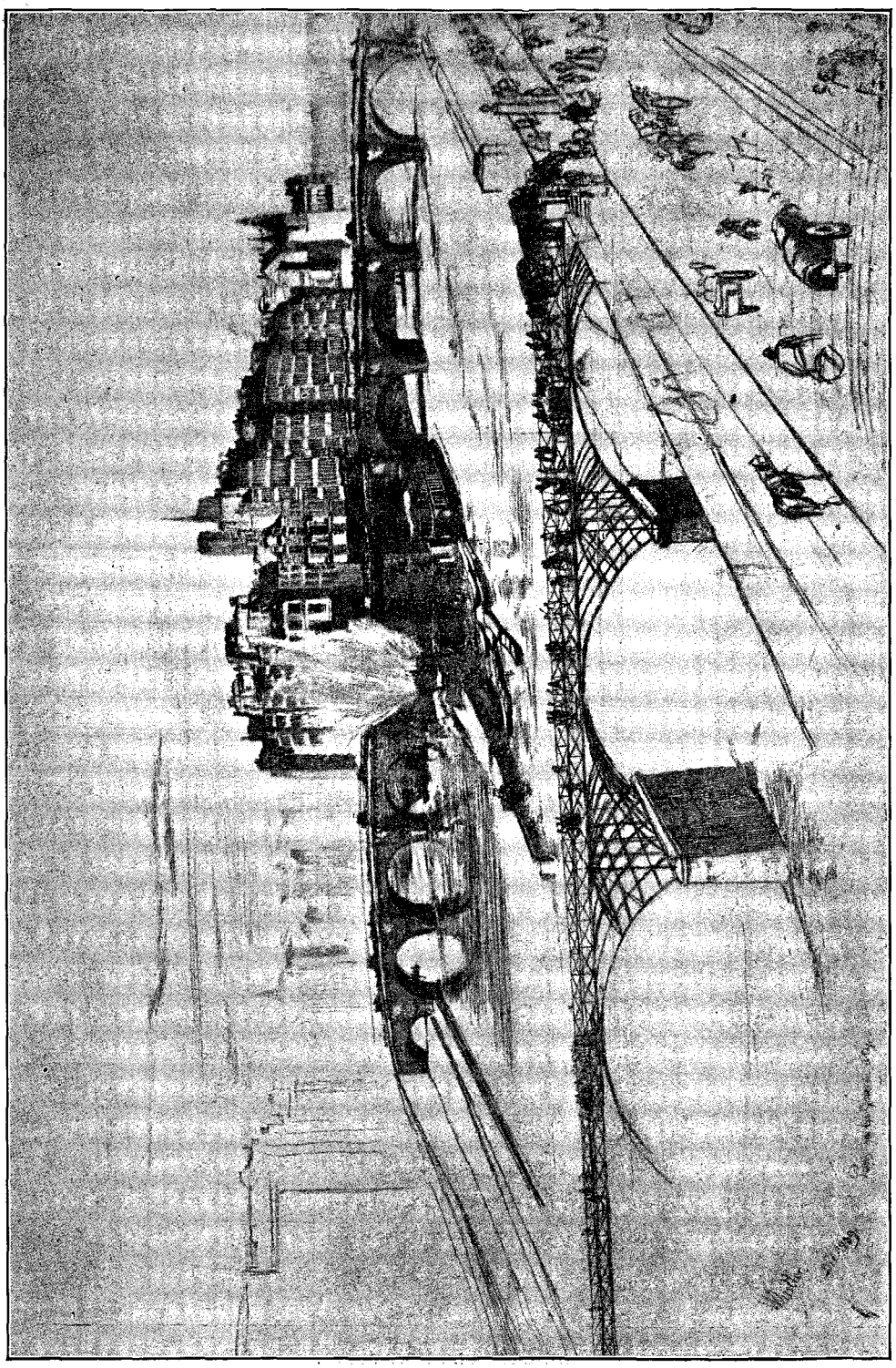

WHISTLER'S ILE DE LA CITÉ.

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esteemed Velasquez and Rembrandt, we still looked upon these persons as mere drivellers in art compared with him. Strange, eager amateurs we would recognise sometimes, but only because they painted on the Whistler lines. One lady, I remember, used to paint flowers. We thought her work very fine. She had no academic training; but we placed her highly because she painted on grey panels and in sympathy with Whistler. He, of course, we placed far above Raphael. In fact, we couldn't stand Raphael, because Whistler had said that he was the smart young man of his period. One rainy day Whistler was sitting in my dining-room poring over a large volume of Raphael's cartoons. After spending two hours with them, he came to the conclusion that Raphael did not count. But he was pleased, he said, to have had the opportunity of placing the smart young man of his day. Rembrandt we recognised to a certain extent, because Whistler had been heard to say that he had his good days. Also, however, he had remarked that Rembrandt revelled in gummy pigment and treacly tones: so Rembrandt, in our opinion, did not occupy much of a position. Canaletto and Velasquez we placed high, very high, but not, of course, on the same plane with Whistler. The only master with whom we could compare our own was Hokusai, the Japanese painter."

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President Roosevelt's Epigrams

It is presumably by the President's permission that a firm of publishers has issued a selection of "pithy sayings" from his books and speeches under the title, *The Strenuous Epigrams of President Roosevelt,* but the result is that things like this are going around in the newspapers:

I would like to be President again, but I would far rather be a whole President for three years than half a President for seven years.

* * * * *

We must all either wear out or rust out. My choice is to wear out.

* * * * *

The wellbeing of the tiller of the soil and the wage worker is the wellbeing of the State.

It is dangerous. There are light-minded people whose fancied sense of humour is so dear to them that they will turn against any man who is too often made to seem ridiculous. It was shown in the case of ex-Mayor Low, whom many deserted out of sheer frivolity. Even in politics it is possible to breed enemies by ennui. There are light-minded people, we fear, whose votes have actually been endangered by the encomiums of Mr. Jacob Riis. The use of the word "strenuous" has already embittered a finical few against the President, and if "epigrams" like these are scattered about they will surely knife him at the polls. Moreover, they make even the simple-minded feel a little blasé.

This sketch expresses the feelings of one of our readers about a "very bad break" which appeared on page 439 of the July issue. Our own feelings could not be expressed in language that would be wholly parliamentary.

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"The Literary Parasite"

An article which appeared in the March number of this magazine entitled "The Literary Parasite" and signed Leslie Selleck has brought on the writer and editors praise and blame in nearly equal measure. The letters we have received are too voluminous to print in full, but some idea of their contents may be had from a few extracts. Mr. William A. Dresser of the Author's Agency, Cambridge, Mass., refers "to the very sweeping article with the offensive title, 'The Literary Parasite'" as not only unjust but as likely to prejudice people against his line of work. He adds:

"If the article had been a fair and reasonable one,—criticising only the objectionable methods of a few people known to prey upon the public in this field as in many others,—it would, of course, have been a very different thing; but the whole article, both in statement and spirit, is of such a sweeping, exaggerated, and misleading nature that it could not possibly fail to convey an entirely unjustified and harmful impression, sure to react upon any conscientious literary worker rendering legitimate aid in the field of criticism, revision, and practical advice.

"I might take up the article in detail, showing either gross inaccuracy or misleading statement, especially in those portions relating to what the writer chooses to call 'Authors' Parasites'; but an impartial reading of the first two pages and the closing paragraph will amply show what I mean, and I think you will at once see that many of my clients and friends have been well justified in expressing surprise at the publication of so radically sweeping an article in THE BOOKMAN."

Readers will perhaps recall that Mr. Selleck did not confine his attention to the literary agent, but slashed right and left at the school official, the correspondence school, "the appealing reviewer," "the club lecturer," "the dishonest publisher," "the acquisitive author," "the book dealer with a scheme," the "fake literary journal," the "literary adviser" and others. He divides literary parasites into publisher's parasites and writer's leeches. "The writer's leeches," he says, "are the more flagrant in method, the hungrier, and on the whole the meaner."

He certainly was sweeping, taking no more account of exceptions than Solomon did when he said all men are liars. Yet to some he did not seem a whit too radical. A lady in Helena, Montana, for instance, hails him as a champion:

"Your clever article in the current BOOKMAN," she writes, "came to my notice and I am taking the liberty of sending you a letter I received recently from one who, it seems, is the greatest parasite of them all. I wrote him just to see what his scheme was, and I'm wondering if any one will be idiot enough to send him $35, which he so confidently says is to pay his expenses! I really think that such an one should be exposed, and your caustic pen, tipped with vitriol, may use this letter, if it chooses, with my permission."

The letter, which is from a literary agent in a western city, contains passages as alluring as any of those which Mr. Selleck quoted in his article:

"I place manuscripts of nearly all kinds of books, plays, short and serial stories, poetry, music, scientific works, etc. I placed one book in January of this year that has already sold 100,000 copies and is still selling at a rate of 50,000 copies a month. . . . I have never had a dissatisfied client. . . . I have placed all manuscripts I started out to place . . . I require each author to pay $35 in advance, which is to pay his share of my advertising and travelling expenses. . . . My success and prestige with publishers is not to be attributed to luck. I never offer a worthless publication," etc.

Now, it is hard to believe that the honest and efficient literary agent will be in any wise injured by Mr. Selleck's censure of the other kind. It so happens that he has met mainly the other kind (who after all are rather common and conspicuous), so he feels toward the whole class as some of us do toward plumbers and gasmen and politicians. We have had better luck, and to remove any misapprehension we swear here and now that there *are* good literary agents; that by contrast they appear almost saintly; and if Mr. Selleck's warning can induce incautious authors to take more pains in seeking them out, it will benefit every one concerned. And to judge from the frequency with which they have been taken in, in spite of repeated exposures, they are not a particularly prudent tribe, and therefore need rather emphatic advice.

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Kipling's New Volume

A new volume of Kipling's stories is to be published in the autumn by Doubleday, Page & Co., under the title of *Traffics and Discoveries*, and will contain one comparatively long tale, "The Army of a Dream," hitherto unpublished. The others are all short stories which have appeared in the magazines. This is the first collection of Kipling's tales since *The Day's Work*. The latter, according to the publisher's announcement, "reached a wider circulation than any other book of short stories in recent years," and this will certainly surpass it in merit, if not in sales, for some of the stories in *The Day's Work*, it will be recalled, were the measure of Kipling at his worst. He had a mania for beast fables at the time and for machinery and boilers—and he mentioned by name all the parts of a steam engine and made them talk to one another and preached a moral lesson on trade unionism by a dialogue between horses in the pasture. Many critics gave him up for lost, but he was only preoccupied or resting, as was proven soon afterwards by the publication of *Kim*, the best and most mature of all his writings. He is, in fact, a lusty, self-renewing creature, not at all the kind that writes itself out, though occasionally absent-minded.

Mr. George Moore on Kipling

In the earlier criticism of Kipling's work there were loud complaints of its "swagger" or "know-it-all" quality. A few years ago a fellow author declared that Kipling's was the voice of the Hooligan, and the question was debated with much anxiety in the press till the late Sir Walter Besant came out with a peace-making article, in which, without committing himself to either side, he begged authors not to call each other names, because it was bad for property. Mr. George Moore has lately expressed what these critics had in mind, but he has done so more shrewdly than they and with full acknowledgment of the writer's gifts:

> "Kipling's whole personality," says Mr. Moore, "suggests the words 'I know a trick worth two of that'; they are in a way an abridgment, a compendium of his attitude toward life; he browses like a horse in tether within the circle of 'I know a trick worth two of that.' * * * It is the key in which he always writes; he indulges in some modulations, but the key of 'I know a trick worth two of that' is never quite out of his ears, and if one were so minded one could trace it through all his prose and a good many of his poems. Nearly the whole of *Kim* was written in this key. Now and then he modulates into the world and its shows, the Great Wheel, etc., but one knows that the terrible key of 'I know a trick worth two of that' is never far off. And he delights in *Kim* just as he delighted in *Dick*, and his admiration is so spontaneous that it is impossible to read *Kim* without saying to oneself, 'Kim is Mr. Kipling.' Kim is never taken in, and not to be taken in is in Mr. Kipling's eyes a sort of north star whereby one steers the bark of life. Kim is a spy, but spying is called the Great Game, and nothing matters so long as you are not taken in. Mr. Kipling's beast-kind is the same as his mankind and the animals that we are to admire are those that 'know a trick worth two of that.' He does not venture among god-kind, but if he did his gods would 'know a trick worth two of that.'"

In all that has been written of Kipling this is the only passage that we hope he has read.

Current Criticism

By far the best criticism of the last few months has come from the novelists. Besides the *Avowals* of Mr. George Moore, which in spite of eccentricities and exaggerations contains many passages as suggestive as the one above quoted, there is Mr. James's extraordinary essay on D'Annunzio in the last *Quarterly* and Mr. Zangwill's destructive comparison of the actual Japan with the Japan invented by Pierre Loti. It is strange that so little has been said about Mr. James's paper, which shows him at his very best—as penetrating as in his recent novels and with vastly more interest in the world around him. Some of these essays will outlast several of his books, but you hear little about them, probably because they are not "news" according to magazine standards. A new thought on an old subject, a novel point of view, a brilliant bit of critical analysis has not the quality of "news" as defined by most literary editors. "News" consists in publishers' announcements or the discovery of one of Thackeray's washbills or any new book

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by any new writer with photograph or where the author of a very good seller is spending the summer. Which, of course, is entirely proper and defensible, for journalism aims at the sort of folk that are most abundant, but at first thoughts it seems a little queer that English and American "literary news" has so little to do with literature. Were it not for that, Mr. James's essay would have been cited many times as the sanest and most acute bit of literary criticism published in several years.

What has become of Pierre Loti's Japan? Mr. Zangwill asks unkindly—that painty toyland with its over-polite, sensuous little folk, who were so unfit for the business of life, so "decrepit at heart," that it needed only a little shake to smash their empire to pieces? Were it not for the present war our heads would still be full of Loti's notions. Loti's Japan has gone to join Tom Moore's United States, the America of Kipling's Notes and the Cuban War of Mr. Harding Davis, for it is truer of the literary man than of anybody else that "the fact looks to the mind as the mind likes the look," though somehow we are taken aback every time it is brought home to us.

It is not our purpose to throw open these columns to advertisements, but we cannot withhold a helping hand from Mr. Adair Welcker of 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, who sends us two printed slips with mucilage on the back ready for pasting, praising a "book of humour," written by himself. The accompanying letter reads as follows:

A Confident Humourist

"If you will send me a marked copy of your publication containing the matter of either of the enclosed slips I will send you a copy of a book of humour that is An American Classic, for the reason that in its own inimitable nature the humour is not ever to be surpassed, and besides this, there is that in the work that will cause every American having the interest of his country at heart not to regret at any time after receiving it that he has become possessed of a copy."

We have heard of authors who have praised their own work anonymously, and we know of one in very good standing who wrote an unsigned letter to an editor pointing out a myriad of beauties which he feared the editor had overlooked. But this direct and open method is still uncommon. To be sure there was Mr. Coogler of Columbia, but Coogler laid no claim to humour. He only classed himself in the front rank of bards.

Among the little character sketches with which President Eliot prefaced his bestowal of honorary degrees at the Harvard Commencement, was the following: "I now create Honorary Master of Arts Archer Milton Huntington, scholar, son of a strenuous and broad-minded man of business, author, editor of *The Poem of the Cid*, the most comprehensive and judicious collector of this day in the field of Spanish literature." The "strenuous and broad-minded man of business" was none other than the late Collis P. Huntington, whose record seems to most of us to demand either a more definite and vigourous description or none at all. We understand from baccalaureate addresses that on these stirring occasions there are young men "standing on the threshold," ready to begin "the battle of life," and that their eyes are fairly popping out in quest of the most elementary moral advice, which accordingly is given them in bucketfuls. Now they may in their innocence ask who was this man of business so "strenuous and broad-minded," and finding out who he was and how ample his reward, say ,"We, too, may be 'strenuous and broad-minded,' if the laws do not change in the meantime, and legislatures do not rise in price, and stocks are no harder to water, and railways no easier to wreck. Lives of billionaires remind us we may make our own sublime." And forth they fare to the "battle of life," each with a C. P. Huntington hope thumping in his manly bosom along with a university ideal and a few years later half a dozen of them may be hanged. For they *do* get caught sometimes, even in the land of freedom. There are high Huntingtonian qualities, which if not concealed very prudently, lead but to the cell. It was careless of President Eliot not to remem-

Strenuous and Broad-minded

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ber this. But if he said it deliberately and as a result of financial stress we urge every loyal son of Harvard to send him a money order by the next mail, and we throw open these columns to subscriptions for his relief. The president of our foremost university must have a freer use of descriptive adjectives for people like the late Mr. Huntington or his thoughts will strangle him to death.

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Sir Grant Duff's "Diary"

The final instalment of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's *Diary* will close, he tells us, with the first Privy Council held by King Edward. As it began on January 1, 1851, it will cover just half a century. In the part that was recently published the record had so far dwindled into triviality that the most assiduous reviewers could find scarcely an anecdote that was worth repeating, and had it not been for the hopes raised by the earlier portion few would have waded through it. We owe many capital stories to him and are duly grateful, but it is a pity that he should run on and on with that dreary faith in the power of great names to sublimate commonplace. Mr. McCarthy did the same thing in his *Reminiscences*, expanding to two large volumes the material for an article in a magazine, by the simple expedient of writing a page every time he shook hands with a celebrity, two pages if the celebrity said "How d'ye do." The "bon mots" and "witty replies" of Sir Grant Duff's last book reveal a standard that no man on earth has failed to attain. Nor is there any natural human malice to comfort us. "It was never meant," he says, "to be a repository of indiscretions * * * If I was to leave behind me a published diary, I said to myself that it should be one of the most good-natured books of its kind." Where would Pepys be without his indiscretions?

MOTHER EARTH

Tired child, you know me best,
  Light upon my bosom lying,
Pain unknown and joy your quest,
  Laughter, leaf and bird-wing flying,
Neither doubt nor love your guest,—
Tired child, you know me best.

Heart, you know me not at all,
  Through the world's mad tumult pressing,
Blind unto my older thrall,
  Strayed beyond my dumb caressing,

Laggard foot and burning stone,
  All of life a restless striving,
Heart the alien is alone,
  Only I can give you shriving.

Tired child, you know me best,
  Stealing back, the world-spent lover,
Faint and soul-sick from the test,
  All my boughs shall cool and cover.

Bee shall hum and wind shall croon,
  Unseen arms are mine that bound you,—
Rest, and with the leafy noon
  Older dreams shall flower round you,—
Lo, the balm of grass my breast!
Tired child, you know me best.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

VI.

THE REPORTER

By Edward W. Townsend

THE three essential qualifications of a good reporter are an instinct which reveals the points of a story which should be lifted up, or featured, because they will make interesting reading; an aptitude for securing the information relating to such points; and a sense which adopts the style of treatment, in writing, best suited to the subject. Training, technique, literary qualities, which may be acquired, are of minor consideration with the practical city editor in determining whether a novice will or will not do. The work of a beginner is searched for evidence of a temperament which promises the qualifications first named, and when that is found the candidate will be laboured over, drilled and trained with hopeful patience. Without that inherent quality a stylist enriched with all the learning of all the schools is considered an unprofitable object of office effort. How often a reporter of average abilities is found even among the selected few who are able to secure a trial may be judged from this statement by the city editor of one New York paper known for its labour of love in developing talent: "We try about thirty-five 'kindergartners' a year—usually college graduates—and it is a good year when we find one who gives us hope that he may be developed into a reporter with an instinct for the interesting end of a story, and a sense of how to put it into attractive shape. That is all we look for; we gladly give the technical training."

It is often the lack of a sense of proportion which accounts for the failures. The handling of a piece of news which furnished not only a second, but a third and fourth day story recently, will explain this point which I wish to make clear before going forward with an account of a reporter's activities. A diver is caught in the mouth of a great pipe at the bottom of a reservoir. He may be alive when the story reaches newspaper readers, and there is the suspended interest, a vital, powerful interest for the story. A score of reporters learn identical facts, but send off by telegraph much varying stories. While one laboriously tells of the physical conditions at the intake of the pipe, another compiles a list of names and dates —facts suited for the story of the reservoir, not the diver!—a third searches his brain for words descriptive of horror, and vows never again to take an out-of-town assignment without first pocketing a thesaurus. But the twentieth man is writing a simply worded story of the acts,

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The following story from the New York *Tribune* will give an idea of the great variety of points which a metropolitan newspaper must cover in order to insure a complete and satisfactory account of a great disaster such as the burning of the *General Slocum:*

About 11 o'clock on the morning of June 15 this bulletin came into the office from Police Headquarters:

"The steamer *General Slocum,* carrying a Sunday school excursion from the East Side, is on fire in the East River opposite One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. Women and children are jumping into the water, some with their clothing on fire. Ambulances have been called from four hospitals. Casualties will be heavy."

The city editor grabbed his telephone and sent a hurry call to the head of the art department for photographers. Inside of ten minutes two had packed their cameras and were on their way to the scene. One reporter was in the office at the time—the men are not due to work until 1 p.m. He was dispatched at once as a sort of outsider to look the ground over and report immediately to the city editor the extent of the disaster. Then the telegraph and telephone were called into requisition to summon to the office every available man on the staff. The "day off" which every newspaper man looks forward to each week as a relief from his wearing toil had to be sacrificed by several. Some were not due at the office until 7 p.m., but all were required to start for the office on receipt of the message. By 12.30 p.m. ten men were ready to take assignments—that is, orders to "cover" certain parts of the "story." By this time the "outsider" had telephoned that the dis-

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words, expressions, of a group of men trying to reach, or communicate, with the imprisoned diver; tells of their hopes, fears, labours, sacrifices; of the trials and failures of another diver, his sturdy courage, manly grief—all this concerned with one unseen man pinned down in the depth *who may be alive!* He tells not of pressure of water, of suctions, but of a muddied oaf who will not leave the air pump though racked with pain and dropping with fatigue; a doctor who has sat for two days on the raft to be at hand when the diver shall be released; tearful women on the shore; a great man in New York who crowds the resources of a great railroad to rush means for rescue—because the man down there *may be alive!* Why, half of New York forgot business and pleasure that day discussing this drama of suspended interest which one reporter alone had the instinct to feature proportionately. Had the diver fallen off the edge of the reservoir dam, broken his neck and died at once New York would not have read so much as the few lines its papers would have printed about the accident. There were a dozen accounts which contained more information—mere facts—than the one referred to, but their writers lacked the instinct of the first-class reporter.

The one good story out of twenty reports of the same event may be written by a novice, because city editors cannot always tell from a bulletin that it relates to a story of good possibilities; and even if a good story is hinted at, the good reporter—one known to be good—may not be available. He is a rare bird.

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aster was of enormous proportions, that the death list could not be less than two hundred and was more likely to be five hundred. Bulletins bearing the same distressing information were pouring in from police headquarters. One reporter of long and varied experience, especially in "covering" accidents, fires, crimes and the like, was assigned to write the main story—that is, the general narrative. A younger man was sent along with him to look up outlying points and work under the orders of his older associate. They headed straight for the scene.

But the general narrative or main story was only a small part. There were a hundred and one phases that had to be described. What did the officers of the company owning the boat have to say about the disaster? What was their explanation of the swift destruction of the "good ship" to which they had intrusted the lives of some hundreds of human beings? There were other questions which could be answered in the same neighborhood. The government inspectors of steam vessels were responsible for the safe condition of the boat. When had they inspected her and what was their last report on her? How many persons was she allowed to carry, and had she exceeded her legal limit on the day of the disaster? These were cognate phases and the sources of information were close together. So the city editor gave to one man the general subject of investigation down town.

Then there was a possibility of criminal prosecution for negligence, and the Police Department would have to make an inquiry. Police Headquarters and the District Attorney's office had to be watched for these points, and another man was so assigned.

The neighborhood from which the unfortunate passengers of the *Slocum* came would be a scene of mourning and distress. Incidents around the homes of the dead would be many and interesting. There would be no end of dramatic scenes in "Little Germany," so one man was sent up to the East Side with orders for a graphic description of the happenings in the stricken district. He was told especially to watch the church from which the ill-starred excursion went out and the office of the sexton and the home of the pastor, to which undoubtedly many pathetic reports of dead and missing would be carried. The arrangements for funerals were part of this assignment. Another man was sent to the same neighborhood to collect all the experience of survivors that he could get hold of. Every man on the story was told to do the same thing, incidentally, whenever opportunity offered.

The feats of the rescuers, the care of the injured by the doctors and nurses at North Brother Island, where the *Slocum* had been beached, the recovery and care of the dead at the island were left to the "main story" man and his aid, as they were on the ground, and these points would form a material feature of the general narrative. The "outsider" in the mean time had been sent to the hospitals to get the statements of the injured captain and other members of the crew. Experiences of survivors as they related to the general facts of the disaster were to be part of the main story. The "main story" man and his assistant were gathering them on the ground at North Brother Island.

So much for special mention of a few of the chief phases that had to be developed promptly. To make a long story short, here is a transcript of the assignments which were recorded by 1 p.m. on the day of the disaster:

Slocum accident—general story.
See St. Mark's Church.
See federal boat inspectors.

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WORKING UPWARD.

For the sake of getting at the work of the shop let us assume that a new man has fallen upon his longed-for chance, and turned in a good story. Then the city editor will eagerly examine the new man's copy before handing it out to be read and edited by a copy reader. He sees its excellence and its faults. For the latter he cares but little; they will be remedied by the copy reader. But for its evidence that a new man with a sense of proportion has been discovered he gives thanks—not so loudly, however, that the new man hears them. He may be of the not unknown kind who would be spoiled by premature praise, but he gradually finds that he has made a hit at the city desk. Better, bigger, and more important assignments are given to him, he is called to the desk and talked to about his work; hints as to his faults from the office view point are more frequent than suggestions that he is a coming man. He is nursed along, watched carefully—more so than he realizes—and tried with more difficult stories, stories his office thinks highly of though they may be but little esteemed in other offices. Then he is discouraged, for he finds himself again assigned with commonplace men from other papers. But he soon learns that there is a vast difference in different offices in the estimation with which the same story is regarded—that's part of his training—and comes to know that the man he is to please is not his old instructor in literature, but his present city editor, and writes for him and at him. The city editor knows what the class of readers his paper reaches want, so of course, in pleasing him the reporter is pleasing his other readers. Though a city desk painfully lacks in warmth, the reporter is not without praise: his fellows are not slow to give that—"Pretty good yarn of yours this morning, old chap"—or the exchange readers show him one of his human nature stories on its round of the press; and maybe, after a year of good work, he will be called to the desk and told "The chief left word that he liked that story of yours this morning."

Big stories come to him now, and he begins to live a wonderfully varied life, to have in a month experiences a successful man in another profession might not have in a lifetime. He is made to take his part in many forms of human activity. He must tell of crimes, and report the trials of criminals; tell of crusades, and picture crusaders, moral and political; describe the launching of a great war ship, then tell the details of a shipbuilding trust's failure from its human nature side, on another page from that whereon the Wall Street man tells the story as a specialist; the inauguration of a president calls for his general introduction one day, and the marriage of a Chinese notable supplies the material for his next day's story; a railway "horror" finds him one night helping doctors and train men in the stress of their work, while he is absorbing a picture of wreck and suffering, and calculating on the time it will take him to

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See Knickerbocker Steamboat Company.
When was *Slocum* inspected? Her capacity.
Overloaded steamships.
See Collector Stranahan.
Homes of victims and East Side.
Other big steamship disasters.
Effect on summer excursions.
Rescues by factories in Long Island City.
Scenes at North Brother Island.
History of the *Slocum*, her capacity, etc.
Injured at hospitals.
See captain and crew.

All these points had to be thought of quickly in order to give the reporters time to gather their facts and write their "copy" early. Suggestions from other members of the staff were freely offered, and helped out the list of assignments, but the city editor was responsible for the framework of the story and for getting the men to work promptly.

Several reporters were kept in the office on reserve to look up points which might develop as the details of the disaster came to light. For instance, the story of a survivor might reflect seriously on the conduct of another person in a different part of the city, or might disclose an important source of information which would have to be explored on the instant.

All afternoon the evening papers were being searched for suggestions, and the bulletins from Police Headquarters came pouring in, bearing one detail after another which required investigation. Reporters were calling on the telephone from various points, and supplementary orders were communicated to them as details came to light.

In the evening a fresh detail of men had to be made to let the reporters sent out in the afternoon come in and write their "copy." Certain points had to be watched continuously, and, as fast as one man came to the office to write the news he had gathered, another was sent to take his place.

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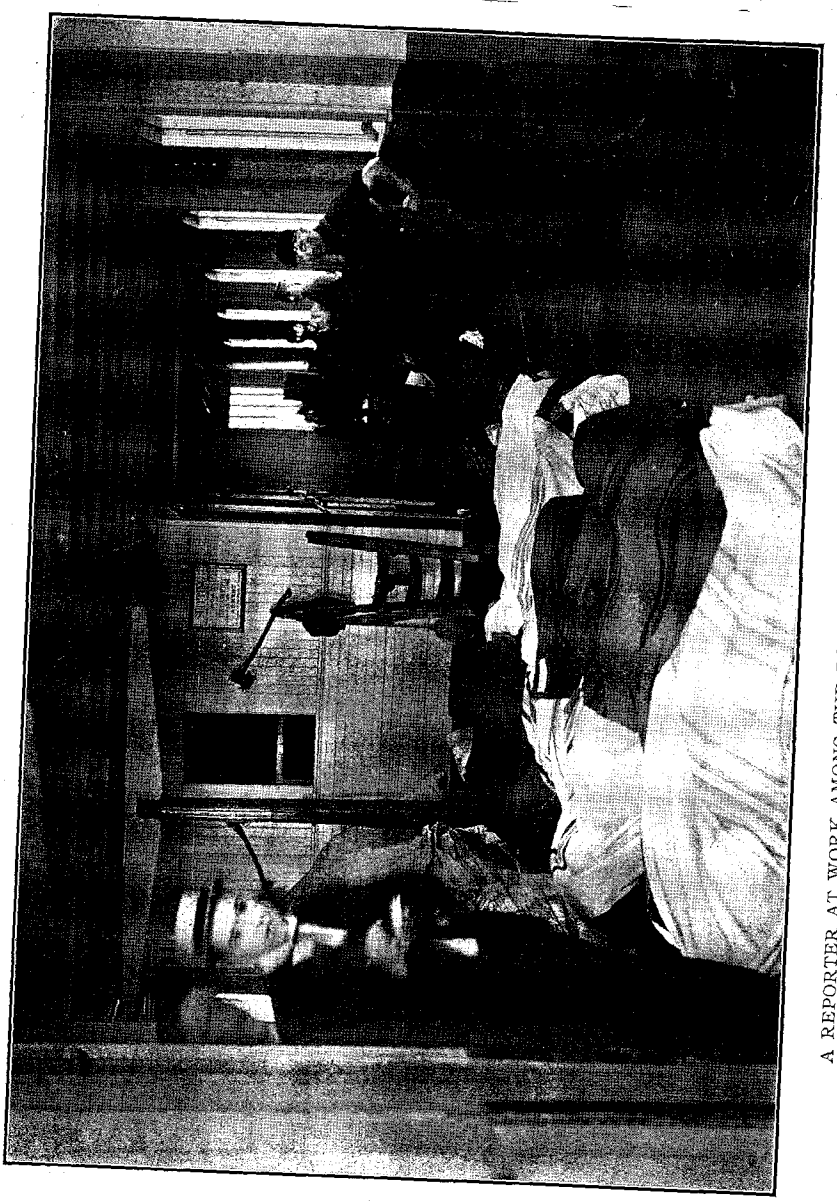

A REPORTER AT WORK AMONG THE BODIES OF THE "GENERAL SLOCUM" VICTIMS ON THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT STEAMER "MASSASOIT."

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reach the nearest telegraph office and write his copy; the next night there may be fun enough in a diagnosis of an irate prima donna's summoned sore throat to take him, in evening dress, to the apartment of an angry or aggrieved diva; in the morning, before he is disposed to leave his bed, he is ordered to hustle down to Sandy Hook to relate how a sixteen-inch gun is fired in trial; that evening he misses a dinner engagement because some young woman in the Berkshire Hills who has acquired the getting-lost habit is at it again, and "there seems to be a good story in it, somehow," the city editor remarks as he points to a time table which shows that a train connection in darkest Connecticut can be made only if the Grand Central station is reached in half an hour, and "you can dine on the train."

THE DAY'S WORK.

I have memoranda to show any reader disposed to doubt that this relates no imaginary sequence of events in the duties of a reporter.

A morning paper reporter, if not covering an early assignment, reports to the city editor at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and is assigned to his afternoon work. Ordinarily he collects his material, and has his story written in time to take another assignment for night work at about half past five o'clock. Then he is at liberty to dine and meet his fellow man until the hour when his night assignment calls him, usually about 8 o'clock. But the afternoon story may have an end which projects into the night; there is yet material to collect. Then dinner is cut and the performance becomes continuous. Generally the night story can be written and turned in by midnight, and with that the day's work is done, and supper is in order. That is a day of good hours. The night assignment may inconsiderately develop new points until the necessity of getting something into print calls the reporter to his office to write. In that case another man is sent out to take up the unfinished end, and the man who has been at work on it all day finishes his writing as late as 2 o'clock in the morning, and then goes uptown for the first meal of the day he has eaten with any deliberation.

Unless a story is unusually big, or has a great many ends, it is given to one man. Even with several ends this is possible because of a system which all offices profess to prohibit their men from using, but which they generally wink at, nevertheless. By this system the reporters from all the papers covering the same story meet, and divide it up into what are called ends, agreeing to meet later for an exchange of material. I never knew such an agreement to be broken but once. One man chanced upon an important development in the story while covering his end, and at the meeting for exchange withheld it, giving, however, some material of a sort he was expected to get. Every other reporter was "called down" hard by his city editor the next day for having missed the point. But there was a second day story, and the man who had held out his material was kept out of the combine and unmercifully beaten on the day's work. Then he was wigged by his city editor, and on the third day begged of his fellows to be restored to grace, saying that his position depended on the day's story. A man with a vital vocabulary and a command of vigorous condemnatory phrases was told off to express the opinion of the combine to the sinner, who was again taken into the agreement. We afterwards learned that his city editor had offered a reward to any member of his staff who would betray a combine for the benefit of his paper. It is a fact that that man was driven out of the profession by his fellows, but his paper thrives, preaching daily the beauty of high morals and exalted ideas in human conduct. This exchange of news, even where there is but one end of a story, is a usual accommodation among reporters, and one would be ashamed of them if it were not so. City editors affect to disapprove of it, but never, within my knowledge, have punished for it. Reporters who work year after year, side by side, seeking news under cheerless, disagreeable, and not infrequently dangerous conditions, develop a character of comradeship which destroys desire to beat or scoop each other. Indeed, most scoops result from accident or chance, and not from design, and are heard of more in the shop talk of novices and outsiders than among experienced reporters.

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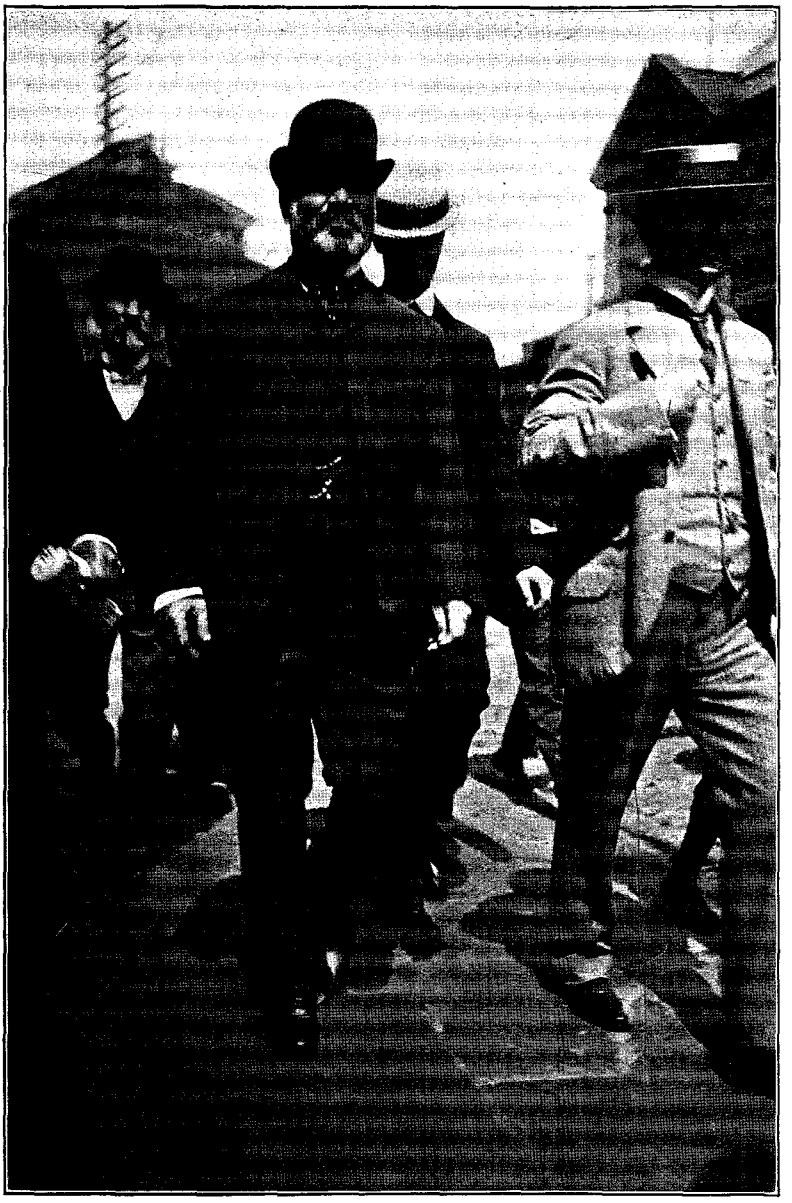
COVERING THE LEXOW INVESTIGATION.

Something akin to the scoop is sought for constantly, and is matter of open and friendly rivalry. This harks back to what I had to say about the qualifications of a reporter. Among the men covering a big sensational trial, or investigation, say, there is daily effort by the first-class men to select a point in the day's proceedings to lift up into a prominence which gives it the appearance of an exclusive feature in the report. As nearly all papers restrict their reporters to a chronological order in the narration of testimony, this featuring of some one point would be difficult were it not that to such stories an introduction, generally written by the man on the case—though sometimes by



RICHARD CROKER LEAVING THE AMERICAN LINE PIER, UPON ARRIVAL FROM ENGLAND, ACCOMPANIED BY REPORTERS WHO INTERVIEW HIM AS THEY WALK UP THE STREET.

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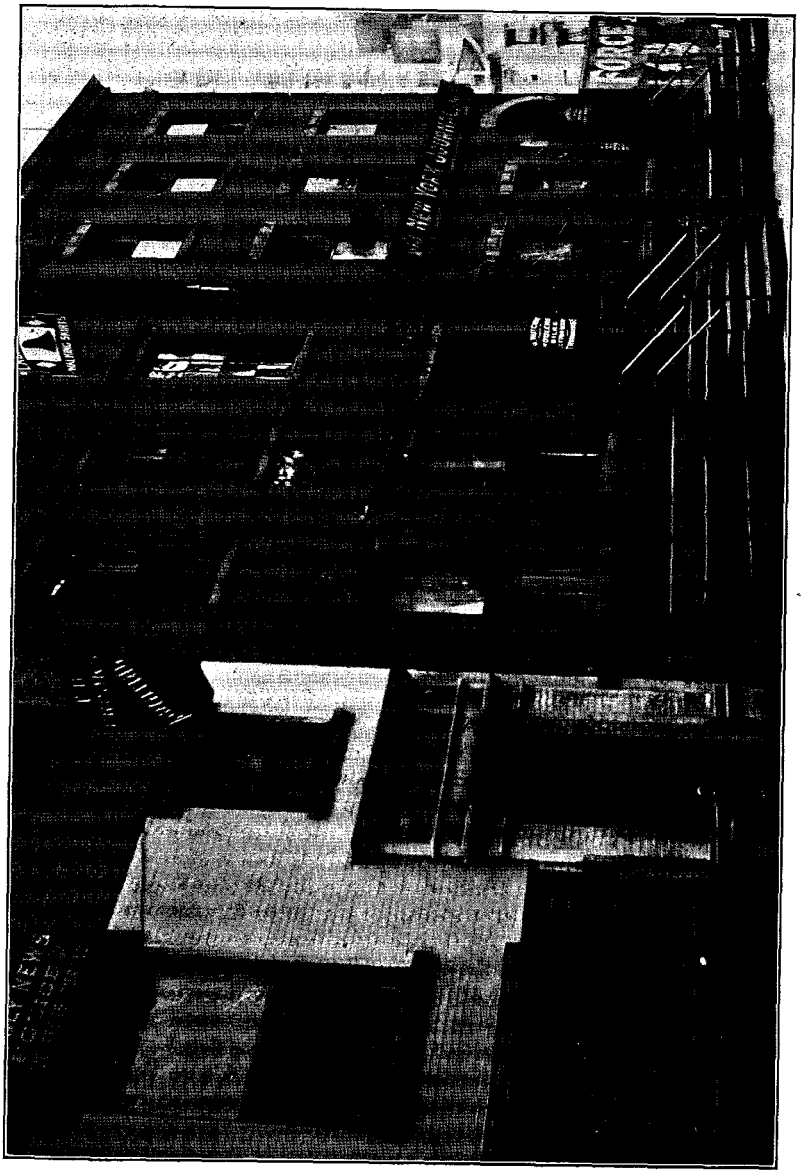

ALONG POLICE HEADQUARTERS' NEWSPAPER ROW.
The offices along Mulberry Street where the criminal news of the day is written for the New York papers.

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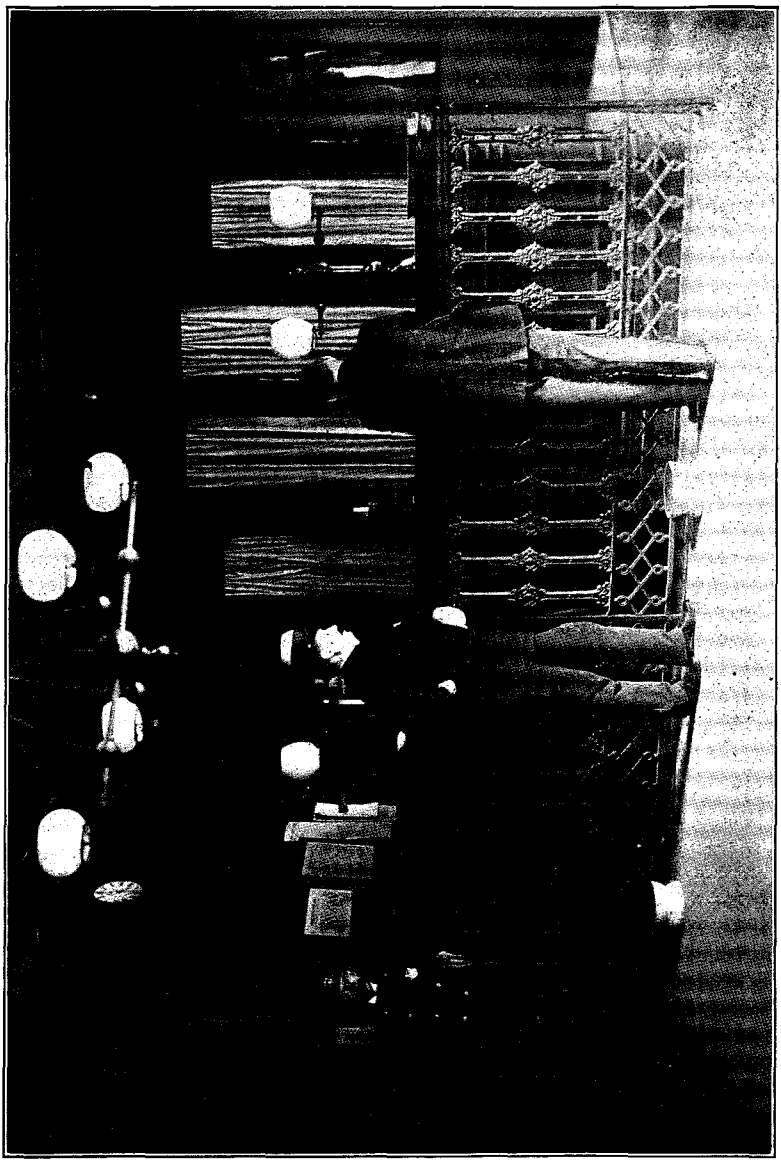

A "HERALD" REPORTER AT THE EAST TWENTY-SECOND STREET POLICE STATION GETTING INFORMATION ABOUT A MURDER FROM THE SERGEANT.

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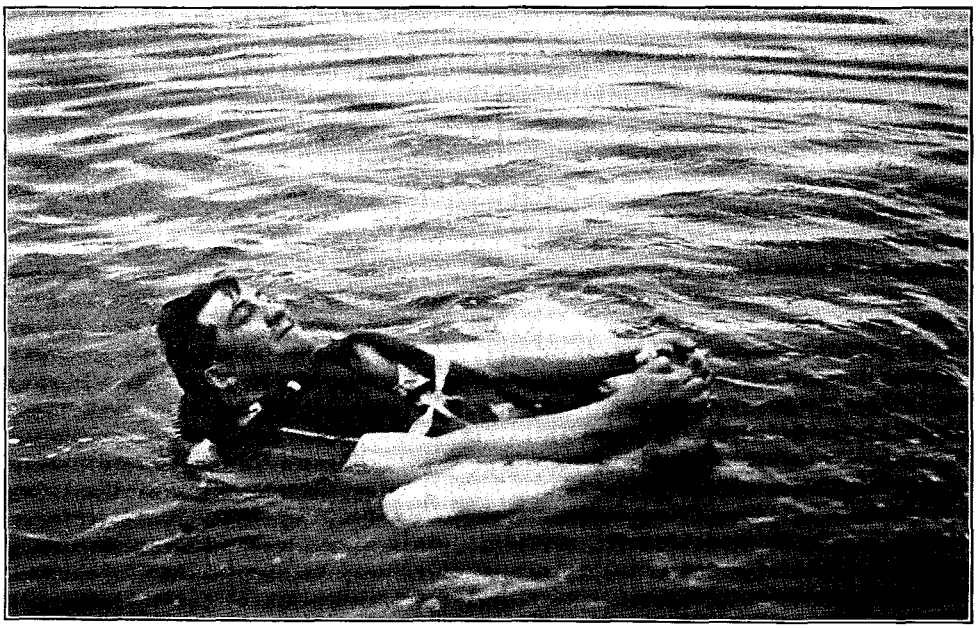
an office man—heads, or "leads" the news. In this introduction the skillful man brings forward and emphasises a feature of the story in a way to make it appear like an exclusive piece of news. That is as near to a scoop as reporters generally try to get over their rivals.

If one is supposed to blush when writing of himself, consider my blushes blushed at this point, for I shall say something about the hardest piece of newspaper work I ever did, by way of showing the amount of work a reporter is sometimes called upon to do. After the first two or three days' sittings of the Lexow Committee, I reported its proceedings alone for the *Sun*. For many weeks I wrote daily stories which at first ran three or four columns, without illustrations, two thousand words to the column. Then they were raised to five or six columns, then to seven or eight, and ended with a nine-column story, every one of which I turned into the desk before going to dinner. But my dinner was a movable feast in those days, coming anywhere from eight to eleven o'clock in the evening.

The proceedings of the committee were notable for lively incidents, the number and astonishing character of witnesses, and the startling nature of the testimony, and one was supposed to miss no incident, closely pen-portray each witness, and give all the testimony which would make good reading; neglecting no side-light which added to the interest of the story—such as the nature of the crowd in attendance, effect of startling testimony on different members of the committee, and on people among the spectators. Recalling this case suggests a peculiarity about reporters which has always interested me, but which I have never seen referred to in stories or books about newspaper men, that is, their inability, when not on duty, to find entertainment in a kind of thing with which their duties have made them familiar. A man who for years wrote the introduction to big football stories used to mourn that he could not see a game without having to write it. When he took a night desk position he went gleefully to the next game played near by, but came away worn and uncomforted. "I was writing the (modified) thing all the time," he wailed, "and worried about missing any matter which would make good introduction." I know of a dozen such incidents; men who longed for the theatre, opera, race track, field sports, if they could go and not



REPORTER TESTING A LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS FOR THE PURPOSE OF A SUNDAY "SPECIAL."

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have them to report. But when chance came, and they went, they mentally reported what they saw, and worked instead of playing. After the Lexow Committee came another one. I had left the shop then, but I hunted up an old comrade and asked to be taken into a hearing. "Ah, ha," said I, "I'll enjoy this—no work, only my untroubled observation!" Well, I was there the day Croker said he was in politics "for my own pocket all the time," and made famous the phrase: "That is my private business." Like the man on the Bowery, I didn't have a good time at all. I found myself mentally writing an introduction to the story, searching for words which would best render the calm insolence of the witness, his fixed belief, startlingly evident though unexpressed, that he was a chosen mortal, a superior being to the puny fellow who dared to ask questions; his dumb, but unmistakable, wonder why swift punishment did not overtake the questioning lawyer. I plugged away at my work, noting the effect of the witness's answer on his hearers, the pugnacious joy of some, disgust of others, the fear of some —well, there I was, working hard when I had sought amusement!

THE INFANTA, THE OFFICER, AND THE REPORTER.

Valuable work is done by reporters who have the same assignment every day, such as ship news, police headquarters, the Tenderloin precinct. The work of such men benefits by a large acquaintance among those prominent in the fields of their activities. They come to be recognised as institutions, and acquire many privileges. No one in the customs service or at quarantine thinks of denying an interview to the ship news man; at police headquarters the Commissioner makes an interview with the reporters a part of his day's work; at the Tenderloin station the reporters have almost an official standing. But aside from men on such regular assignments I think a reporter is handicapped rather than helped by a large acquaintance. The less the element of personal relation disturbs the balance of the reporter's professional mind the better

REPORTER IN THE NEW YORK MORGUE OBTAINING DATA ON A "STORY."

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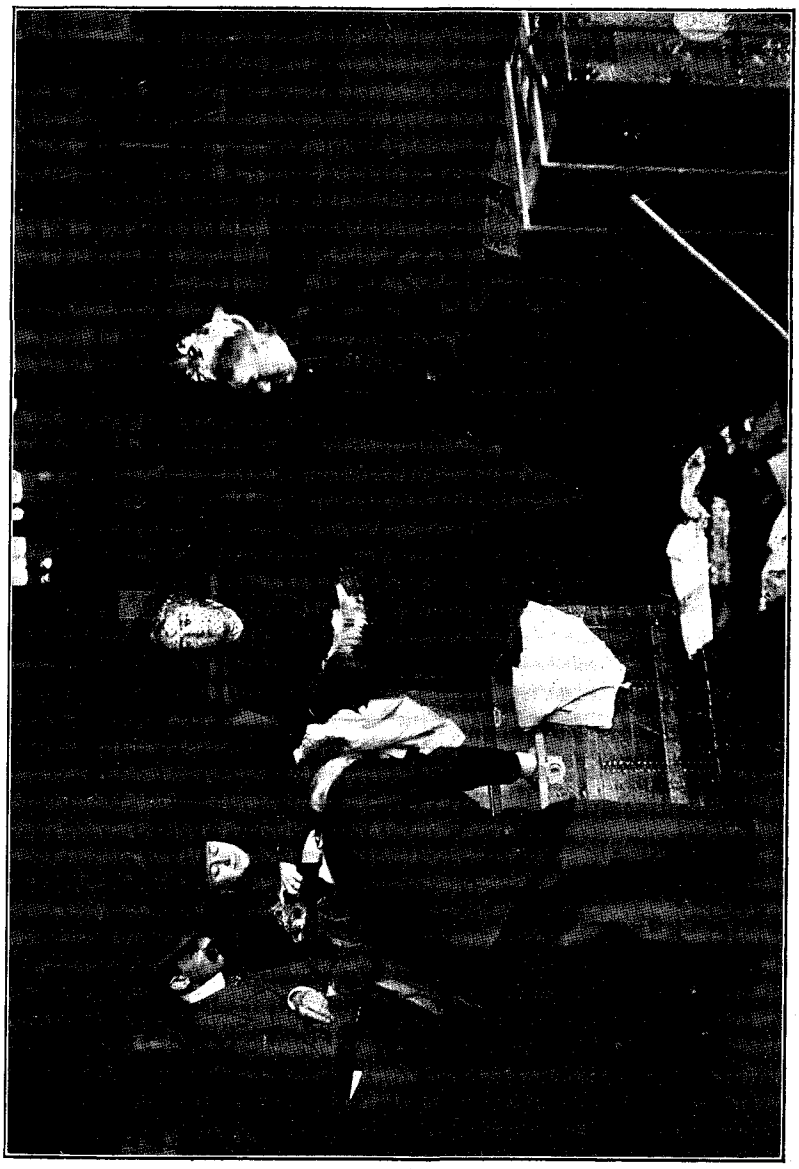

A REPORTER INTERVIEWING AN ACTRESS ON THE AMERICAN LINE PIER, WHILE HER BAGGAGE IS BEING EXAMINED BY A CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.

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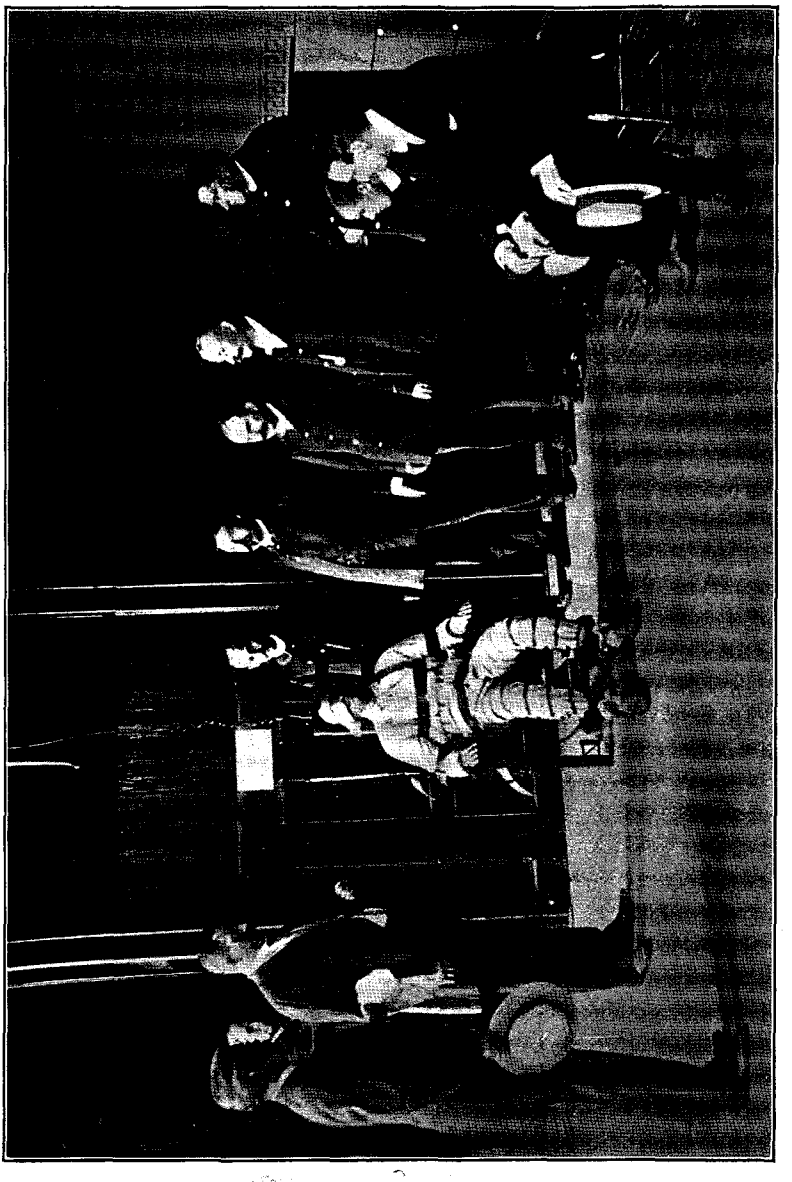

AN ELECTROCUTION IN SING SING PRISON.
Reporters for the Newspapers on the stools at the right.

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he can do his work. Most big interviews are arranged for by the office, and the casual interview turns out better reading matter if the reporter and the person interviewed are strangers. It is an error to suppose that interviews are difficult to obtain: they are more often asked for by persons seeking to be interviewed than refused by persons sought. With a few notorious exceptions New York papers seldom, if ever, ask for an interview which is not gladly given, and to which it is entitled, as we have come to consider the rights of newspapers. Anyway, interviews are a poor feature of a paper's daily offering of entertainment or instruction. Even in the story of a great person, a foreigner, say, and a notable, what he may say is usually poor reading compared to the pen sketch of his appearance, manners, and surface characteristics any good reporter can give from observation. When the Spanish Infanta was here I wrote her story for a week, and I was said to make pretty good reading of it, though I never tried to interview her. And that reminds me of a story: When she was taken to West Point on a Government ship the naval officer in charge of the trip—whose greatness as he saw it had been overlooked by the press—at first refused to let any reporter on board. General Horace Porter, a committeeman, induced him to modify the severity of his exclusiveness to the extent of permitting one reporter to sail, and the combine designated me for the duty. I was having a satisfactory time with the officers in the mess room when one of them came in bursting with laughter. He explained that, as I was the only man on board not in uniform, the Princess had asked who I was. The officer, who did not like reporters, saw his opportunity, and replied: "Oh, that is the caterer's man."

INTERVIEWING A CONDEMNED MURDERER.

I have had some interesting interviews, though. Once I was sent to report the execution of a man who had had four trials in four years in four counties for a murder, and every time convicted, and three times succeeded in securing a new

JULIAN HAWTHORNE AND OTHER REPORTERS COVERING THE GALVESTON DISASTER.

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trial. With another reporter, and those grisly named, though usually cheerful, persons, the death watch, I sat up all night with the condemned man. I interviewed him with all the skill I had, to discover if he pretended his expressed belief that he would not be hanged. It became interesting as the hour for the execution approached, for I saw that he felt as certain that he would escape as that the day would dawn. The day did dawn, in fact, and soon afterwards the man was told to make ready to follow the sheriff. That did not shake his belief, nor did the exhortations of the good priest who begged the man to abandon thoughts of the world and prepare his mind and soul for death. He raved half an hour on the gallows, and his last shriek—through a black cap—was to the people to save him. But one seldom meets with so interesting a person on an interview assignment.

WIRING COPY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

All reporters can tell stories of frights they have had over conditions which seemingly make it impossible to get copy to the office. Once I was sent out of town by a San Francisco paper to get the story of a wreck. I was the only reporter who caught the train by which, and a stage, the scene could be reached the afternoon of the day the bulletin came announcing the wreck. The nearest tele-

INTERVIEWING HALL CAINE ON THE DECK OF AN INCOMING OCEAN LINER.

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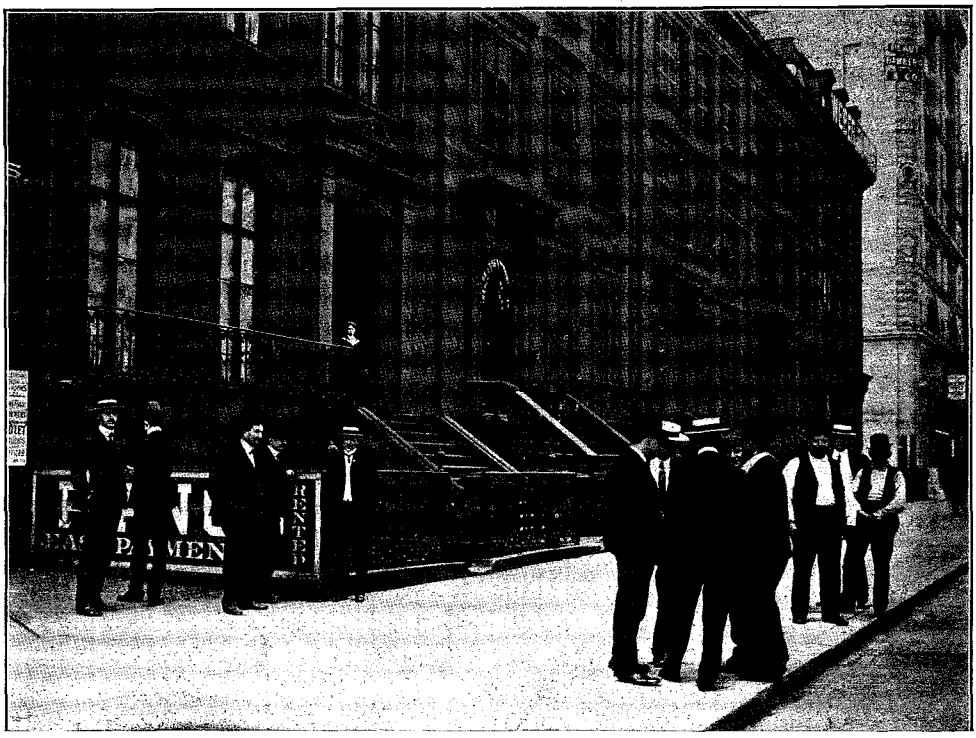

REPORTERS WATCHING THE NEILSON HOUSE ON FIFTH AVENUE FOR REGINALD C. VANDERBILT, WHO WAS BEING SOUGHT BY COUNTY DETECTIVES.

graph office was in a country store, whose clerk had mastered the instrument only well enough to send slowly a few lines of marine news, so I took with me a first-class operator from the San Francisco office. I left my operator at the village inn and went to the wreck, where I found material for a fine story. A country lad had saved the only two survivors, and his story, and theirs, gave all the points I lacked. A rattling good story, and I had not been two hours from the inn! I promised myself a good dinner after getting the story off, and sought my operator. He was speechless! Really, I never saw a drunker man. He could not stand on his feet when I tried to make him do so. But my tears and rage and prayers at last woke him to enough consciousness to permit him by signs to indicate that if I could connect his hand with a telegraph key results might be looked for. It was grasping at a straw, but with the help of sympathetic villagers I did get my man to the grocery store and deposited before the instrument. Then he seemed to die. In mad agony I wrote the first sheet of copy, and placed it before him. He took hold of the key and began to work, weaving about on the chair as like to distil into a jelly on the floor, presently. I wrote on. He finished one page before I wrote another. The grocer clerk—who confessed that he could not have sent my copy in a week—quieted my fear that the man was only messing with the key. The local man said he had never heard such rapid, clean sending. I wrote, and the speechless one sent, and for hours only the sharp, business-like click of the key was heard; not a break, not a query, not an interruption. At my last words on the last sheet of copy, "Good night," the man at the key managed to lisp, after an effort, "'sat all?" and then he fell off the chair and slept peacefully until morning. Readers will recall the story in Guy Mannering of a law clerk who took faultlessly a difficult bit of long hand dictation while in the condition of my operator. Scott feared that some readers might doubt that story, and has a foot note attesting its truth. I did not need that foot note.

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HAWTHORNE IN THE BOSTON CUSTOM HOUSE

SOME LATELY DISCOVERED FACTS WHICH ARE AT VARIANCE WITH THE HITHERTO ACCEPTED DATA OF HIS BIOGRAPHERS

IT was a long time after Hawthorne's death before the public mind was in a frame favourably to welcome any praise of the man or his work. He died during the closing years of the Civil War when his countrymen were absorbed by superior cares and anxieties and the passing of even so celebrated a person could excite but a secondary interest.

Moreover, he had unfortunately antagonised the prevailing political opinion of his section by his dedication of "Our Old Home" to Franklin Pierce, and by several of his public writings, particularly his article in the Atlantic Monthly in 1862, "Chiefly on War Matters." The tone of these and a certain untimely flippancy of treatment of persons and events in the latter, caused great offense and practically ostracised their author from society at the North.

The asperities so occasioned naturally were not to be allayed at once. Perhaps they have not to this day been entirely obliterated. The wounds inflicted by a friend rankle longest, and those incurred in political strife heal slowly and sometimes leave ineradicable scars. Some reason, despite his established claim to distinction, there must be to account for the fact that the name of the man who made Salem famous stirs little or no enthusiasm there, but at best only chary recognition when it is not a stolid indifference, in answer to a stranger's inquiries about him, his haunts and relics.

It is not unaccountable then that not until twelve years after his death and the war and much of its animosities were things of the past, that is to say in 1876, did his publishers deem the time propitious to revive Hawthorne's claims as one of the most illustrious of American men of letters by presenting the first authoritative biography of him to public attention. The volume was modestly entitled "A Study," but embodied the essential facts of his life, and in many re-

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spects an adequate analysis of his genius and its product. The work was written by his son-in-law, George P. Lathrop, himself a man of letters, and who in having access to Hawthorne's correspondence, diaries and literary remains was eminently competent to perform the task.

From these sources and from people who had known Hawthorne—he himself never saw him in the flesh—Mr. Lathrop drew what may be said to comprise the gist of pretty much all that has since been so voluminously retold and descanted upon concerning the eminent novelist's career. He is likewise primarily responsible for several inaccuracies in statement of certain alleged facts and dates regarding Hawthorne's first government place, which have been hitherto accepted without question, but which are at variance with official records recently brought to light.

Mr. Lathrop being a Boston man and the editor of a literary journal published in that city, it might well be taken for granted that he would instinctively turn for the verification of these points to the original and most obvious source of accurate information—the archives of the Boston Custom House. The abundant references in the earlier note-books, without being specific as to details, unmistakably point the direction in which such details should be sought, and it is hence all the more remarkable that Hawthorne's first biographer should have failed, as he unquestionably did, to consult these records. Moreover, it is a matter of lasting regret that he did not avail himself of his opportunity, since had he done so there undoubtedly would have been discovered and so preserved much biographical material concerning Hawthorne which with good reason is believed to have existed in the old files so lately as 1894, but which in the Spring of that year was destroyed by fire. By a fortunate accident, however, some fragments of this precious material, to be noted hereafter, were saved out of the more than 200 tons of official documents, many of them of historical value, that perished in the flames.

The errors referred to, trivial perhaps in themselves, rise to importance as being related to an eminent man like Nathaniel Hawthorne, and, although his fame does not depend on a date or a designation, their perpetuation has led to some undue estimates and false conclusions that it would seem both individual and public interest are concerned to have set right.

Mr. Lathrop's misstatements have been copied with the fidelity of a photographic process by successive biographers, including also Professor Woodberry. For convenience these errors will be here indicated as they reappear in the latter's work and so offer a ready means of comparison with the authentic facts supplied by the records and documents referred to above. In the first place it is stated on page 86 of Woodberry's *"Nathaniel Hawthorne"* that the latter was "appointed a weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House at a salary of $1,200."

The writer has examined among others of the old record-books of the Boston Custom House that were saved from the flames, one in which appears a verified copy of the official letter recommending Hawthorne's appointment, and of which the following is a transcript:

CUSTOM HOUSE, BOSTON,
Jan. 17, 1839.

Sir:—I have appointed Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., of Salem (biographer of Cilley) a measurer, in place of Paul R. George, dismissed, and request your approval of his appointment.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEORGE BANCROFT, Collector.

HON. LEVI WOODBURY, Sec'y of the Treasury.

This abstract settles beyond controversy Hawthorne's official designation to have been that of a Measurer instead of a Weigher and Gauger, the two positions being differentiated by the character of the duties pertaining to them and by the amount of their respective compensation.

Much stress has been laid by some writers on the assumed niggardliness of the Federal government in rewarding a man of genius like Nathaniel Hawthorne with so insignificant a stipend as $1,200; while considerable undue commiseration and indignation has been expressed at the ignominious services—that of measuring coal, salt and other commodities on "nasty little barges and vile-smelling schooners"—required of this gentleman and scholar.

Concerning this, however, it should be remembered that up to 1839 Hawthorne

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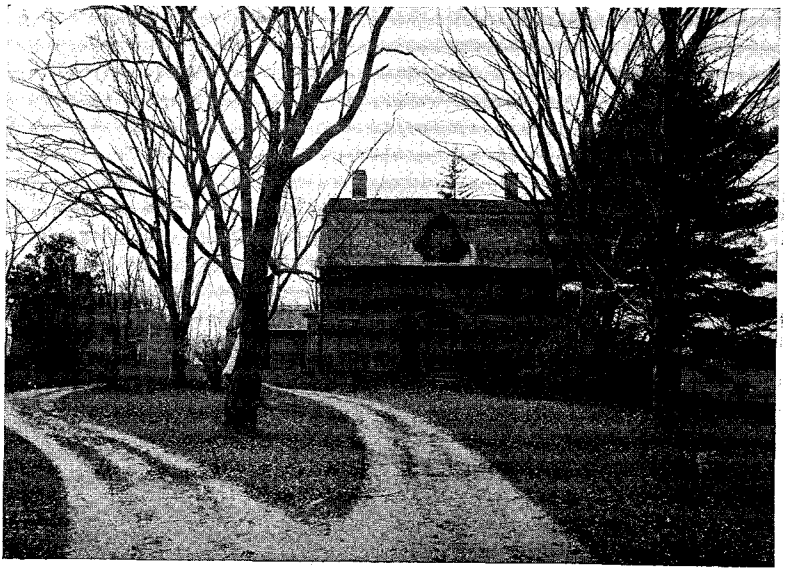
"THE WAYSIDE," CONCORD, MASS. THE SECOND RESIDENCE OF HAWTHORNE.

Previously occupied by the Alcotts. The last years of Hawthorne's life were spent here. It was the scene of his "Septimus Felton."



"THE OLD MANSE." BUILT ABOUT 1765 BY EMERSON'S GRANDFATHER. Hawthorne lived here from 1842 to 1846 and made it famous by the "Mosses."

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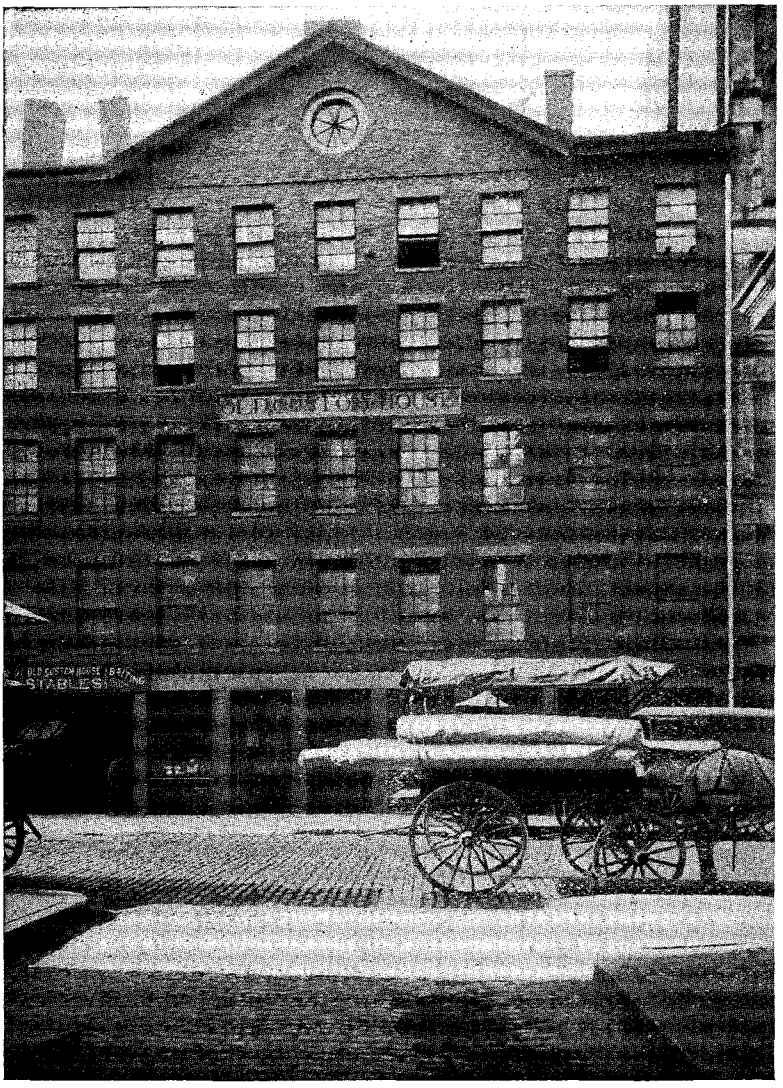
was comparatively unknown and undistinguished. He had, indeed, written many tales and sketches for the few magazines and annuals of the time, but as these were mostly published anonymously he had acquired little reputation from them except among a limited local circle of friends. This is indicated by the circumstance that Bancroft, himself a man of literary attainments and associations, in recommending Hawthorne's appointment mentions him merely as the "Biographer of Cilley," that individual having been a classmate of Hawthorne, who subsequently, while a member of Congress from Maine, was killed in a duel that caused something of a sensation. Hawthorne's "biography" was a slight performance of the "tribute to friendship" kind, and as it was published in the *Democrat Review*, very likely had found its way to the notice of the statesmen at Washington. Hence the collector's reference.

Relative to the implied paltriness of his compensation, it is submitted that even an income of $1,200 in 1839, estimated by the purchasing power of that sum



OLD CUSTOM HOUSE.
Custom House Street, Boston (built in 1810), in which Hawthorne had his office 1839-41—his "darksome dungeon."

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then as compared with the same now, was a generous emolument, and to Nathaniel Hawthorne at that period it must have seemed comparative affluence. For at the time he was seeking the place he confessed to his friend and confidant, Horatio Bridge, that he had never earned in any one year of his life, with all his literary industry, a sum exceeding $300.

As to the supposition that his duties were demeaning, Hawthorne at least did not appear to consider them as such. On the contrary he viewed his situation in a philosophical light and rather plumed himself, it would seem, on his ability to adapt his personality and superior capacities to the lowly conditions which necessity had forced upon him. Indeed, a letter which he wrote to George S. Hillard while seeking something to do at another time, indicates his feeling in that respect. He says in this epistle:

"I shall not stand upon my dignity; that must take care of itself. *Do not think anything too humble to be mentioned to me.*"

In the case under immediate consideration he appears indeed to regard it as a distinct gain that he had been compelled to mingle with the humbler toilers in the hive of human industry, for as he writes in his journal at the time, "from henceforth I shall be entitled to call the sons of toil my brethren and shall know how to sympathize with them, seeing that I likewise have risen with the dawn, and borne the fervor of the midday sun, nor turned my heavy footsteps homeward till eventide."

As additional confirmation of the records cited above, the readers of THE BOOKMAN are herewith presented with a concrete piece of evidence, now first published, which sufficiently speaks for itself,

GEORGE BANCROFT, *Collector of the Customs for the District of*
Boston and Charlestown.

Mch 1839 To Nathl Hawthorne Dr

For my services as Measurer of Salt, Coal, &c. from Jan 17.
to Mch 3 inclusive, being 73 days
at $1500 per annum, is - - - - - - - - - - $304 7

BOSTON, Mch 30 1839 RECEIVED of GEORGE BANCROFT, Collector of the Customs, for the District of *Boston & Charlestown* the sum of three hundred & four 7/100 Dollars, in full for my compensation as Measurer, &c. as per account above stated.

$ 304 17 Nath. Hawthorne

I Nathl Hawthorne a Measurer of the Customs for the District of *Boston and Charlestown*, do hereby certify on oath, that I have performed the services stated in the above account; that I have received the full sum therein charged, to my own use and benefit, and that I have not paid, deposited or assigned, nor contracted to pay, deposit or assign any part of such compensation to the use of any other person, nor in any way, directly or indirectly paid or given, nor contracted to pay or give, any reward or compensation for my office or employment, or the emoluments thereof.

So help me God.

Sworn and subscribed before me,
this Ninth *day of* April 1839

Nath. Hawthorne

Ezra Mudge
Jas. Pearce

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in the accompanying photograph of an official voucher, so called, containing two of the finest and most characteristic specimens of Hawthorne's autograph probably in existence. The finding of this invaluable relic and its rescue when so much else that must have borne his handwriting among the ancient records was consumed in the Custom House fire of 1894, seems in connection with the attending circumstances little short of miraculous.

The precious document had reposed apparently unsuspected and unknown for more than half a century in the disused and obsolete files of the customs record loft which was situated in a building adjacent to the Custom House proper. The merest accident brought it to light. An official in an idle hour while curiously looking over some of the old files, chanced to overturn a case of musty papers which by the accident were spilled upon the floor. In replacing them in proper order he was attracted by the endorsement on one of them and found it to be this pay-voucher of Hawthorne's. It was the excellent condition of the document which by its long seclusion from light and use had preserved both print and signatures in all their freshness, that probably struck the finder, rather than its importance as a unique relic of a celebrity, of which importance it is believed he was unaware. However this may be, the official casually exhibited his find to several associates, one of whom apparently recognised the paper as worth securing at least for a keepsake or a curiosity without, as it afterwards seemed, appreciating its historical or commercial value as a rarity. At all events the voucher, though restored at the time to its place in the files, subsequently disappeared but a short period previous to the occurrence of the fire mentioned, and might well have been supposed, if any question had been raised concerning it, to have perished then in the general wreck of Uncle Sam's ancient documents. Thus the abstraction of Hawthorne's pay-voucher from the government files, setting aside any question of motive or ethical considerations, was at any rate the means of preserving it from annihilation.

The official who had secured the document and had it in keeping, apparently either did not appreciate its intrinsic value or for good reasons did not choose to exploit the fact that it was in his possession. He retained the voucher in his residence, where it seems to have escaped the casualty of meeting the eye of either connoisseur or professional autograph-hunter up at least to the time of the said official's death.

That the full significance of the character of the relic, and the emphasis which has been placed on its worth as a rarity may be realised, it seems necessary to point out that the document constitutes both a receipt and a voucher, hence the duplicate signatures, which was given under oath by Hawthorne in accordance with a government requirement of the time, for his first quarter's pay.

As will also be observed it fixes the amount of his salary at $1,500 instead of $1,200, a considerable augmentation. Furthermore, an enhanced value, at least sentimentally, is derived for it from the fact that this sum of $304.17 represents the first money Hawthorne ever received as a Federal officer, and was probably a larger amount than he had ever previously possessed at any one time in his life.

There yet remains one other correction that should be made in Professor Woodberry's "last word." Still following his predecessors this biographer states (p. 104) that "in the spring of 1841, immediately after the change of administration in March, Hawthorne lost his place in the Boston Custom House."

Other biographers, perhaps confusing the Boston incident with his removal from the surveyorship at Salem at the incoming of the Taylor administration (1849), have more definitely charged the Whig party with deliberately turning Hawthorne out of office in 1841 because he was a Democrat. Such evidently, too, is Professor Woodberry's meaning, though he does not dwell on it. And this might be a natural supposition if the fact that he was removed at all in that year were true. But it is not true.

The tendency of government officials to cling to their tenures has become crystallised into the epigram that "few die and none resign." This was not exemplified in Hawthorne's case, for, recurring again to the Boston Custom House records, there will be found therein, under the

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proper date head, three separate affirmations to the fact that Nathaniel Hawthorne *did* resign his position as Measurer on *January 1st, 1841*. One of these is a formal notice thereof from Collector Bancroft to the Surveyor of the port, who was Hawthorne's immediate superior, another is from the Collector to the Secretary of the Treasury, to the same purport and nominating his successor, while the third is from the Secretary acknowledging the receipt of the notification of the resignation and confirming the new appointment.

Thus undue odium has been cast upon the Harrison and Tyler administration of 1841, which not only did not come into power until sixty days after Hawthorne's resignation and hence could have had no influence in causing his removal during the interval, but which there is reason to believe would not have removed him at all if he had desired to stay, since the reasons and influences that caused the loss of his place at Salem were inoperative to a large degree during his term at Boston.

Hawthorne's action in resigning his position would seem sufficient to prove that he had no such desire. If further evidence of his state of feeling in this respect were wanting, the entries in his journal of the preceding year would supply it, for they abound in tokens of his unhappiness while in office, of his ever increasing discontent with his place and its surroundings, and furthermore intimate that he was already casting about for some means of release. For example, he says—and the words carry of themselves the doleful strain of a lamentation—that "the best part of himself has forsaken him" "in this darksome dungeon into which dismal region never comes any bird of paradise." And another time he shows that the itching for story-writing, never wholly subdued, is growing more ardent and is goading him to seek the old-time freedom and immunity from the distraction of hindering pursuits which it was the peculiarity of his genius to require for its expression at all.

And after but a twelve months' experience in office he bursts forth with this wailing cry: "I pray that in one year more I may find some way of escaping from this unblest custom house, for it is a very grievous thraldom!"

And in almost exactly one year later he seems to have found the desired way. What instrumentality it was that opened the gates to the liberty he sought is not precisely indicated, but may be surmised. He had without doubt saved a good portion of his salary, for his habits were frugal, his associates few, and living at that period in Boston was relatively inexpensive. Besides he was a single man, and with an income far above his needs he was thereby given the first opportunity his life had afforded for laying up something in view of future contingencies. The strongest incentive to make such provision that a young man can have Hawthorne certainly possessed at this time, for he was engaged to be married and was anxious to wed.

It was undoubtedly a part of his plan looking to the consummation of this obligation, that tempted him to join the Brook Farm community, which he almost immediately did after throwing up his custom house situation; and the concatenation of these several circumstances would seem to point to the conclusion that his resignation of that place had its sufficient motive in his marriage project. The failure of whatever hopes he may have entertained regarding the community experiment as an aid to facilitating that purpose appears not to have operated as a deterrent of the event itself. He was sagacious enough to foresee the ultimate and not remote end of that association of idealists and to withdraw from it before he had sunk all his savings in the Utopian scheme. His marriage quickly followed upon the departure from Brook Farm, and he retired thereupon to the Old Manse at Concord to realise for a time at least the ideal life of a man of letters—connubial bliss with uninterrupted leisure to read and dream and write.

Hawthorne is one among many eminent men of letters who have sought a livelihood in political office which the pecuniary rewards of their genius failed to supply. The list is a long one, including such names as Chaucer, Burns, Charles Lamb, Anthony Trollope, Herman Melville, Richard Henry Stoddard, to cite only a few.

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Probably the consulate at Liverpool yielded an aggregate sum in hard cash during his four years' tenure of the office far in excess of all that Hawthorne ever realised from the copyrights and royalties on his books. Of most great modern authors we are fairly well-informed regarding the pecuniary returns received from their literary labours. Their heirs and their biographers generally appear to take pride in inviting the world to share their confidence in a matter in which after all the public, as the dispenser of these honours and rewards, may be said to have a legitimate interest and concerning which it is entitled to feel some degree of curiosity.

We know nothing even approximately, however, regarding the increment Hawthorne derived from any or all of his writings, though it is not meant to imply that such knowledge has been deliberately withheld. The reservation more likely is due to a lack of sufficient data or the substantial rewards of literature in Hawthorne's case may not permit of a prideful comparison with those of his, in this respect, more successful brethren of the pen. Certainly the sale of none of his books was large, measured by the astonishing editions of popular fiction which we of to-day are accustomed to note, not even of those of many of his contemporaries. *George Edwin Jepson.*

THE CURE AT SARANAC

THEY call it the open-air cure in Saranac (albeit there are those not initiated into the curative degree), but to the outsider it would seem to be the book cure. Everybody is reading most of the time. When they are not, they are either talking books or taking their temperature, the latter an art in itself, which is developed to a marvellous degree by those who have the chronic Saranac habit. They always talk in tenths, these temperature folks do. It is remarkable the way they can divide and subdivide the graduations on the clinic thermometer, for which they have paid $1.25 at Kendall's—if you don't get your drugs and things at Kendall's you are like the man from New Orleans who accents the last syllable. They will take their temperature immediately before and after each meal, half way between, and again before they go to bed. If it is 101.1 at three o'clock this afternoon, whereas it was 101.2 at the same hour yesterday, a letter is written home about it, the exertion of which immediately increases the temperature a full degree; but this is not known, because it won't be time to take it again until six o'clock, and then it will have dropped to perhaps 100.7. It does not matter how high the fever may be between times, if it only can be officially recorded low at the stated hours for "taking" it, why, everything is all right. A young woman was "running temperatures" last winter and was put to bed. She wished to go sleighing one afternoon and her physician promised permission provided her temperature would be normal. When she saw him coming to the house on the afternoon in question, she reached out of her open window—one wonders why they have windows in Saranac, since they are always open—and broke off an icicle, a piece of which she placed under her tongue. She took the thermometer from the doctor with the utmost confidence, and this time he didn't have to remind her to hold it well under her tongue. When the doctor looked at the thermometer he became greatly agitated and the first thing the girl knew she was the centre of a commotion caused by a nurse, maids, and hot water bottles. Pretty soon a saline solution was administered. She then overheard the doctor telling the nurse that the temperature had dropped to 94, and he feared in her frail condition she could not survive such a collapse. The girl was uncertain then whether the icicle played a joke on her or on her doctor. She didn't go

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sleighing and that doctor didn't call on her again.

But the temperature stunts are only an incident to this story. It is books that strikes the visitor as being the *modus operandi* of the Saranac cure. It does not matter whether or not you ever have read a line in your life, if you go to the Adirondacks as an invalid you will be reading before you know it, and, what is worse, you will get to talking about what you read. You may be a splendid bricklayer, and have gone along plying your trade for years, oblivious of Robert Louis Stevenson, but you won't be in Saranac a day until you have heard that Stevenson spent a winter there, and the second day you will be writing home for *The Master of Ballantrae,* or else buying it at "The Book Store," provided your allowance is not too limited. The reason you chose *The Master of Ballantrae* is that you have been told that Stevenson wrote it "over there on Baker's stoop." Stevenson troubled that stoop of Baker's very little during the winter he boarded at the cottage. In fact, he was anything but a faithful taker of the "cure." However, he was a celebrity, had been to Saranac, and Saranac will never forget him. They also read everything available about Frank Ives, the billiard player, who, like Stevenson, spent a winter in Saranac, and later, unlike Stevenson, chose Arizona instead of Samoa to die in. By and by, if any publisher is enterprising enough to print "The Letters of a Self-Made Jockey to His Boss," by Danny Maher, there is sure to be sufficient sale for it in Saranac alone to defray the expense of the first edition, because Danny gets enough "cure" in the village every winter to last him during the racing season. *David Harum* is, of course, a great favourite among the invalids, not because it is *David Harum,* but because poor Westcott took the cure at Meacham Lake—and died. Then there is Cooper, and the members of the Philosophers' Camp of long ago, on the Lower Saranac—Lowell, Emerson, Stillman, and the rest. And how philosophically a motorman may be seen delving into the *Fable for Critics* just as serious as though he was making the turn at Union Square, more so perhaps because at Union Square the motorman does not care, but in Saranac he does care because he knows that there you are judged by what you read.

There is, of course, not enough "local" reading to go round, and so the authors directly associated with the Adirondacks form only a portion of the aggregate wisdom that is daily absorbed. The village has its circulating library, and there is another library at Dr. Trudeau's sanitarium. Both of these contain standard works and also the current novels. A man who was a fine carpenter before his health "broke down," and whose reading previous to his trip to Saranac had been confined to the newspapers with the biggest headlines, may be seen to spend an hour in the library looking for a book he thinks he will like. He will pass by Will Carlton and Mr. Dooley, although his name may be Pat Keefe; will glance at the volume on the Dickens shelf, may read a line or two in *Vanity Fair,* and then he deliberately will take down Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* and carry it to his cottage, confident that he has a work worth reading. He will then put in a couple of weeks of as hard work as he ever did on a scaffolding.

Off in a lonely corner of a cottage porch, a young girl who "broke down" in an East Side sweatshop and is "taking the cure" through the courtesy of some charitable organisation, has a bulky volume of Balzac on her knees—as droll a spectacle as any character she can be reading about. A coachman is reading *Les Misérables.* He had never read *Black Beauty.* A stenographer is poring over a translation of the Æneid, although on the very shelf from which she took the volume was the *Enchanted Typewriter,* but she didn't see anything in that title to attract her. Then, too, as an observer remarked at the time, Virgil is a much quieter name than Bangs and the doctor told her to do quiet reading.

And so it goes throughout the resort. Every one is reading, and most of them chose the last books in the world one would pick out for them. Many instances could be cited just the reverse of those that have been told. A professor in a well-known university spent an entire winter reading *Mr. Potter of Texas,* and other such yellow-backed novels. A literary woman of considerable attainment confined her reading the same winter to

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newspapers. An actor spent a winter reading the Bible, searching for the derivation of Hall Caine, perhaps. A ballet dancer spent her time studying Shakespeare and often didn't cut the wrappers of *The Metropolitan* and *The Clipper*, which she received regularly by mail. This, however, was only in keeping with the Saranac idea, which if it cannot cure is certain to develop impossible ambitions.

As might be expected, the health colony is also a relentless consumer of new books and magazines, but comparatively few newspapers are read. Somehow, the average New Yorker cannot tolerate a morning paper at eight in the evening—that is the time the morning papers reach the resort, unless the single track road, north of Utica, of the greatest railroad system in the world, is doing things (which it generally is), in which case the papers won't arrive until the following morning.

Next to Stevenson, the champion author in Saranac is Beatrice Harraden, and well she may be, for in *Ships That Pass in the Night* there is presented the daily story of the Adirondack health resort. Read Saranac for Petershof, the Adirondacks for the Alps, and no other change would be necessary to set the mournful but fascinating Swiss romance on this side of the Atlantic. The disagreeable man is in Saranac—he is there by the dozen; so is Mrs. Reffold—she is at every boarding house and every one, unless something more than his lungs be affected, can pick out a Bernardine. Then there is Warli, the dwarf; who ever entered the Saranac post-office for a couple of years back without seeing him at the register letter department?—and those registered letters mean as much to the invalids in Saranac as they did in Petershof. They may mean so many sleigh-rides a week, or none at all, or they may mean "Zinfandel" for dinner, instead of "Pomery."

Some of the invalids after a time acquire something of a literary knack. A quantity of harmless and amusing rhyme is turned out, some of which is clever. Most of this is done by persons who never discovered that they had such a talent until they got to Saranac (and so the burdens of the place multiply). One popular rhyme has the cheerful title of "The Last Lament of a Lingering Lunger," and it was written by a man who vows it was his first offense in alliteration—"lunger," it may be explained, is Saranacese for consumptive—it is certainly as logical and not nearly so hopeless a term. A young woman, suffering with a high fever and headache, wrote, one night, limericks, with a stanza for each letter of the alphabet. She never had any pretensions as a rhymster before, but hit off some features of the life which can be recognised at once by any invalid who ever put up in the village—put up is the only term that expresses what it is to be an invalid and to be in Saranac. Two stanzas are:

C was a curious cure
Consisting of air fresh and pure.
  Inhale it for say
  Twenty-six hours every day
And health you will surely secure.

V was a versatile village
Where neither stock raising nor tillage
  So appealed to the heart
  As the exquisite art
Of devising new methods of pillage.

And with it all, some get better, while all learn how to read.

Edmund Ryan.

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THE LOVE OF AZALEA

By Onoto Watanna

IN THREE PARTS

CHAPTER I.

IT was drowsy in the little mission church, and the gentle mellifluous voice of the young preacher increased rather than dispelled the sleepy peacefulness. The church, if such it could be styled, was well filled. The people of Sanyo knew it for the coolest of retreats. They drifted aimlessly in and out of the church, making no pretense of either understanding or appreciating the proceedings. It was a curious congregation, one which, innocently enough, never thought of assisting the pastor. They came to see the white priest, not to listen to the pleading message he brought, which as yet they could not understand. His Japanese was too correct. Spoken slowly and painfully in the unfamiliar accent of the Caucasian, it was often quite unintelligible. But, as was said, the church was cool, the villagers curious, and the minister an unending source of wonder to them. If some of the congregation waited patiently throughout the length of the sermon, it was not because they deemed this the proper thing to do, but because they knew they would be treated to another form of entertainment, which they childishly enjoyed. For, after the sermon, the minister closing the large black book before him and opening a small red one, would raise his voice, throw back his head, open his mouth, and sing aloud in a voice which had never lost its fascination for his hearers. He had done this from the first, leading an unresponsive congregation in hymns of praise; but singing to the end alone. No aiding voice took up the refrain with him nor was there even the music of an organ to bear his clear voice company. Through the opened windows the chirp of the birds floated. Sometimes a baby, grown restless, laughed and crowed aloud.

On this particular Sunday, however, the minister, who appeared unusually happy, had introduced an innovation. As its nature had been whispered about the village, the service in consequence was well attended. Behind the minister's small sandal-wood pulpit a bench had been placed upon which the people saw seated five of the most disreputable waifs of the town. At first they were hardly recognisable. From smudgy-faced, soiled and tattered bits of flotsam, they were transformed in garments of white—miniature surplices they were.

The minister beamed upon them. The boys looked stoically back at him. This day those in the church forgot to look about at the various objects of interest, forgot to drowse, for all eyes were intent upon that little row behind the priest. When the sermon was ended and the minister turned to the red hymn book, the boys arose to their feet, and as his baritone voice was raised, five piping and discordant minor voices joined with him.

The result of the minister's effort for a choir was immediate. It broke up the apathy of the congregation.

Groups lingered about the mission house after the service—groups of curious child-women for the most part. The question discussed from every standpoint was the seeming elevation of these most unsavory and godless of town waifs. How could these good people guess that the young minister, restless at the seeming fruitlessness of his labours, had given of his own meagre salary to induce the hungriest of the town, for so many sen, to be respectable for one day in the week? What would not a Japanese vagabond do for a sen or a sweet potato? Submit to a bath, a robe too clean to touch, and the pleasure—sometimes pain—of mimicking the voice of the white man.

The mellow tinkling of temple bells disturbed the gossips. It was the hour of noon, when the gods were good and for a little prayer would give them sweet food and excellent appetites. So straight from the temple of the white priest they dispersed, through the valley to the opposite hill where the Shinto Temple, golden-tipped, beckoned them to the prayers they mechanically understood; a mo-

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ment only in the temple, nodding heads and prostrating bodies, and after that, home and the noon-day meal. Thus every day. Only on the Sunday, since the coming of the foreign priest, they had added to the routine this weekly pilgrimage of curiosity to the white man's temple. Strange, indeed, were the ways of the foreign devils!

"Let us wait a little while," said a round-faced, merry-eyed maid of fifteen, grasping the sleeves of girl friends.

Azalea was departing slowly when recalled by the raised voice of her friend. At a short distance from the other girls she paused and looked back inquiringly.

"Wait till they come out," continued the speaker, Umé-san by name, "those beggars, and we will have some fun."

"Oh, good!" agreed Koto, snapping her fan upon her hand—"we will find out what the white beast says to them."

"Perhaps," suggested Luji, stretching herself—she was fat and indolent and the church seat was hard—"he pays them."

Azalea looked interested.

"I wish," said she wistfully, "he would pay *me* something."

"Perhaps he will," said Luji, nodding her head slowly; "my honourable father says he is rich—very rich."

"And my honourable father says so, too," said Umé.

"Oh, all foreign devils are," declared Koto conclusively.

"Well, but Matsuda Isami says he is not," said Azalea. "And Matsuda knows surely."

"Matsuda is jealous," said Koto. "He wants to be always the richest. The gods despise avarice."

Azalea was fluttering her fan somewhat nervously. She regarded it thoughtfully, then closed it sharply.

"I am avaricious," she said, with the point of her fan touching her pretty red underlip.

Her friends laughed at her, and she blushed.

"Yes," she said, "I am avaricious. The gods will despise me truly. I adore money! I would like to have one hundred yen all to myself."

"What would you do with it?" questioned Umé, the oldest of the four.

"I would leave my step-mother's house," said Azalea simply.

"Here they come!" cried Koto. The girls fell into an excited little line by the church door, one behind the other. Out came the choir, their surplices doffed, their washed faces wide with smiles and their little eyes shining. Five sen rattled in the sleeve of each. The girls had drawn in hiding behind the church portico in order to surprise them. Now they sprang out into view, and grasped the boys by the sleeves. Thinking they were being set upon for their hard-earned sen, a series of angry shrieks and snorts burst out. Their faces set at rest by the merry laughter of the girls, they were finally induced to tell all they knew. The minister, it seems, had brought them to his house at various times, had fed them on sweet potatoes and rice cakes, and had taught them to sing just as he did. For this public effort in his temple, he had given them each—well, they did not propose to tell any one how much he had given, but the intimation was that it was a sum sufficient to keep them in luxury for some time to come. Furthermore, they, the members of his choir, were to have this same sum given to them as a weekly income, for singing, just like the white priest, in his church, each Sunday.

Azalea sighed and sitting on the church steps looked at the fortunate boys with envious and wistful eyes.

"And does not the white beast want females also to sing?" she asked.

"Females!" repeated one of the boys. "Did the gods ever favour females?"

"The foreign devil is not a god," said Azalea thoughtfully. "Who knows, perhaps he would pay *me* also to sing with him."

"Time to go home," said Koto, and she pulled Umé's sleeve. "Are you not hungry? Come Azalea!"

"She won't give *me* to eat, my most honourable mother-in-law," said Azalea. "I need not go there."

"You will soon be a beggar, too, Azalea," laughed Koto, "and the white man will give you charity. But come, girls."

Clinging to each other's hands and almost tripping over each other's heels, the three girls fluttered homeward down the hill, leaving Azalea sitting alone, looking

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moodily and reflectively at the choir boys, now counting their money. She knew that they, like her, were orphans. Unlike her, they had not an uncharitable roof, called by her ungracious step-parent a home for her. Shelter beneath it was only grudgingly accorded, because Azalea's step-mother was vain and feared the criticism of neighbours and the wrath of the gods should she turn Azalea out. As it was the young girl was only half fed and her clothes were those half worn ones thrown to her by arrogant and fortunate step-sisters, yet the girl's nimble fingers made those same threadbare garments objects of attractiveness, which set off her own appealing beauty. But she was 17, unmarried and unhappy. Something must be done soon, or she would become the bride of the river. Her step-mother's scoldings grew with the girl's increasing beauty and grace. She did not know this was the cause, only she knew life was becoming unbearable.

The choir boys had already shuffled a portion of the way down the hill slope, when she sprang to her feet and ran after them.

"Gonji!" she called one of them by name. "Wait just a moment."

They stopped and she overtook them. She was breathless when she reached them.

"Is it because you are beggars," she said, "that this priest favours you?"

Gonji nodded.

"I," said Azalea, spreading out her little hands, "am also a beggar."

They laughed at her. Only the homeless were beggars in their eyes. In addition, members of her sex were received among them only when they had reached the old witch age. The country knew many old women beggars, who drifted, whining, upon their staffs from town to town. Often they were blind and clung to the rope about the neck of a tailless cat, which led them. Who had ever heard of a maiden beggar? So Azalea's statement was received in laughter.

"How much did the minister give?" she demanded, ignoring their jeers.

"Five—ten—maybe one hundred sen," glibly lied Gonji.

Her eyes widened and shone.

"Oh!" she said.

"That's only for the singing," said Gonji, "*if* we become convert to his religion he will pay more."

He turned to his companions for verification. They had moved on their way and he made to join them.

"No, no, don't go! Wait a little while, *please!*"

"Well?"

"What is 'convert?'"

"Why," the Japanese boy of sixteen racked his brain for an explanation of the word, "why that's to—ah—that's just abandoning the gods for a new one."

"Oh!" His sleeve dropped from her grasp and she drew back, her face somewhat blanched.

"Abandon the gods!" she repeated. "But if we do that, then the gods will be angry with us."

"That is true," nodded Gonji reflectively. "It's bad business," he added.

"Perhaps," she essayed almost timidly, "that new God is also kind and good."

Gonji shook his head skeptically.

"The priest at the temple says that he is really an evil spirit."

The girl shuddered. She turned away from Gonji and he resumed his way down the hill.

Azalea walked listlessly back to the mission house. When she had reached it, she paused irresolute. A sudden idea had come to her. Why should she not *pretend* to be converted? When the barbarian priest had paid her she would go to the shrine of Kwannon and confess her lie. She would give half of the money to the gods, who would forgive her; she was hungry and ill-treated and she wished to leave the home of her step-mother, who was cruel to her. If money could be earned by a little lie, why should she not earn it? She would! She would!

The young minister closed and locked the door of the church. Turning on the threshold, he paused a moment before descending the little flight of steps, and looked about him at the smiling, sunny landscape.

The bells of the neighbouring temple were melodious and he found himself absently listening to them. With his hands clasped behind, and his head somewhat bent, Richard Varley turned slowly towards his home.

It was only the length of an iris field

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from the church, a pleasant saunter. The minister was wont to dream upon these walks—dream of the future harvest which would repay his earnest labours.

He had come quite close to his garden gate before he perceived the little figure waiting there. It was her voice—her odd, breathless voice, which called his attention to her—though he heard the one word "convert" spoken in English. The rest of her speech was unintelligible.

She stood in the sunlight, her cheeks vividly red, her eyes wide with excitement and with fright. It was that fearful, piteous something about her whole attitude which from the first reached and appealed instantly to the sympathies of the minister.

"You wish to speak to me?" he asked.

"Yaes," she said, nodding her head, and then very swiftly as though she had learned the words by rote—"I am convert unto you, Excellency."

"Convert!" His eyes kindled and he stared at her without speaking a moment. Her head drooped, as if from its own small weight.

"Yaes," she said in the lowest, the faintest of voices, "I am convert—Chlistian!"

He seized both her hands, and held them warmly in his own.

"Come into my house, my child," he said. "Let us talk it over."

Her hands fluttered in his, then she suddenly withdrew them. They slipped back into her sleeves. She stood uncertainly before him, hesitating to pass through the gate he had opened for her.

"Come!" he urged, gently.

CHAPTER II.

Even while the minister in the coolness of his study softly and gently questioned his faltering "convert," a wily and smooth-speaking Nakoda was visiting her step-mother. Madame Yamada, as the latter was called, knew the marriage broker well, and being the mother of two daughters by a marriage previous to that with Azalea's father, she welcomed him with more than usual cordiality.

Would not the estimable Mr. Okido remove his shoes and eat the noon meal within her humble house?

The estimable Mr. Okido would. Madame Yamada sent a scullery maid flying to his feet, where, kneeling in the humblest attitude, she removed his dusty sandals. Then she brought fresh water with which to bathe his feet.

Madame Yamada, who had not engaged the services of Okido, was curious to know the nature of his mission to her. She disguised her curiosity, however, under the blandest of manners. With swift acuteness she introduced her daughters into the room and had them serve the man, throughout the meal glancing under her eyelashes to watch the effect of her daughters' sundry charms upon the Nakoda, who she knew would not fail to dwell upon all such points with his employer. But strangely enough, Okido scarcely seemed to notice the presence of her daughters and ate his meal in somewhat stolid silence. After the repast he permitted the pipe to be lighted for him and proceeded to smoke at his leisure.

Madame Yamada could contain her curiosity no longer. At a sign from her, her daughters withdrew. Then she addressed the Nakoda.

"In what way," she asked, "is the humblest one indebted to the esteemed Okido for his honourable visit?"

Okido put down the pipe on the hibachi and turning toward Madame Yamada looked at her keenly.

"You have daughters, Madame Yamada."

"Two," she answered, promptly.

"Three," said Okido, slowly.

The esteemed one was mistaken. The gods had only blessed her with two.

Nay the gods had been kinder. Were there not three, including her stepdaughter?

"Ah, yes," Madame Yamada smiled coldly.

"Let me repeat," he said, slowly. "You have daughters."

"Yes," she allowed the word to escape her lips impatiently. Would the stupid broker never come to his business?

"And, I," said Okido, "have a client who desires the hand of one of your daughters."

A red spot appeared in either of Madame Yamada's cheeks.

"What is the name of his honourable

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parent?" she asked, no longer attempting to conceal her interest.

Okido leaned toward her impressively. "His name is Matsuda Isami."

Madame Yamada's hands trembled. She scarcely could control her voice.

"What—the——"

"Yes, the rich Matsuda Isami."

The woman thrilled with maternal pride. Her bosom heaved. "And which of my daughters," she asked, "has pleased the taste of the exalted Matsuda?"

Okido rubbed his hands softly.

"That one," he said, "who is augustly named Azalea."

Madame Yamada started to her feet with a cry. Then recalling herself she sat down again and for a space of a long moment did not stir. She regarded the Nakoda with baleful eyes. Suddenly she found her voice.

"Excellent Okido," she said, "the humble one cannot marry the youngest of her daughters first. Pray return to the exalted Matsuda and say from me that I am willing to consent to his marriage to my oldest daughter."

"What," cried the amazed Okido, "you refuse?"

"Who spoke of refusing?" she asked in an agitated voice.

"Your answer is a refusal, Madame."

The woman was silent, her mind busily at work.

"Listen, Okido," she finally said, "a promise was made by me to the august father, now dead, of the girl Azalea. He bade me promise him that Azalea should be given to no one in marriage save with her own consent. So! I withdraw the offer of my oldest daughter as bride to Matsuda, and instead say this: Bid the exalted one win first the consent of Azalea. He is then welcome to her."

"Good!" said Okido, arising and shaking the crumbs from his hakama. "We will make direct suit to the maiden."

Madame Yamada had arisen also. "Yes, that is it," she said, "and for that purpose heed the advice of one experienced in such matters. Let his Excellency visit much the home of the humblest, and, in person, press the suit."

Okido regarded her uneasily. "My business——" he began.

"Oh, Excellent Okido," interrupted the woman, "I promise you that you will earn your fee. Further, should the suit of your client fail—should the girl be obstinate and refuse his proposal, bear in mind, good Okido, that a double fee will be in your palm if my oldest daughter finds favour in the eyes of Matsuda."

Okido nodded his head slowly. He was thoughtful as the maid slipped on his sandals. As he left the house he stopped at the threshold and looked back at Madame Yamada. Her colourless face was drawn into strange lines. Her long eyes were half closed. Upon her face there was calculation—cold, cruel. She slowly repeated her words. Again nodding understanding, if not assent, the marriage broker went on his way pensively toward the house of Matsuda Isami.

CHAPTER III.

As Azalea walked homeward from the minister's house, she could still hear in dreamy fancy the eloquent tones of his voice. She found that though beyond his presence she still thrilled at the very memory of his face. He had cast a spell upon her, she told herself. He was a disciple of the Evil One. She must go to the temple of Kwannon for help. Possibly the priests there would give her some talisman which would preserve her from any spell the barbarian might cast upon her. For though her ruse had failed and her sleeves were empty of yen, yet still she had promised the minister to visit him again the following day. Now she found herself wishing that the morrow would come speedily.

Her step-mother met her at the door of the house. Her lips were drawn in a strange fashion apart and her long teeth showed. This was her manner of smiling. It was uglier and more sinister than a frown. Azalea quickened her steps, the colour beating up into her face. When she saw that set smile upon Madame Yamada's face she stopped abruptly before the woman. But her step-mother spoke in the most amiable of tones:

"You must be hungry, my daughter,

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since you have not had your noon meal."

The girl raised her eyes inquiringly toward the woman. Then she answered simply:

"Yes, mother-in-law, I am hungry."

"Come into the kitchen then, Azalea. The maid has kept your rice warm."

Azalea was too much accustomed to the vicissitudes of fortune to wonder at the sudden generosity of the step-mother. She ate the rice and sipped the fragrant tea with mechanical relish. The meal was unexpected, but none the less palatable to a hungry young girl. She suspected that her step-mother required something of her, but her mind occupied with its late thoughts of the minister had no reason for speculation over the motives of her step-mother. She let Madame Yamada herself open the subject.

"Daughter," said the woman, "would you enjoy a trip to Tokyo?"

Azalea looked up quickly; then she answered shortly:

"No."

Madame Yamada's eyes narrowed. She controlled her feeling however.

"What, Azalea! You do not wish to go to Tokyo, where everything is so gay and bright and beautiful?"

Azalea rested her chin upon her hand and looked out from the kitchen shoji across the fields. She did not answer.

"You are becoming old," said the step-mother. "You will have to earn your living soon."

Azalea did not move, but her step-mother knew she was listening to her words.

"Here," she continued, "there is no way in which you could earn money, for you are of samurai descent and your august ancestors would not rest easily should you be reduced to manual labour."

"Mother-in-law," said the girl, quietly, "you would be ashamed before our neighbours if I were to obtain work here. My august ancestors would feel no shame."

"What could you do here?"

Azalea looked at her small white hands thoughtfully.

"I could work in the mills," she said, and added with a girlish sigh, "but it would maim my hands."

"Yes, and also your back, your knees, and afterwards your spirit. Let the stout peasant women labour that way, Azalea. Such employment is not for one of gentle birth. You shall go to Tokyo."

"What shall I do there?" inquired the girl.

"You have beauty and youth," said Madame Yamada, slowly.

The girl moved uneasily and then catching sight of the expression upon her mother's face, she made as if to arise; but the other held her by the sleeve.

"Why do you start so?" she inquired gruffly. "Do you suppose I referred to the yoshiwasa?"

"Yes," said Azalea, white to the lips. Her voice became passionate. "I will not go there," she said. "You shall not sell me. I am the daughter of a samurai."

"Foolish child! Who spoke of selling you to the yoshiwasa?"

"Ah, your eyes spoke, mother-in-law. Besides what other employment could my youth and beauty find in Tokyo?"

"Are there not geishas and tea house girls, and is not their employment esteemed admirable?"

"Yes, but I have not their accomplishments and I am too old to learn how to dance. To be a geisha, I have heard, one must apprentice at the age of twelve. I am eighteen years. Yes, I am getting old," she finished.

Madame Yamada, who sat behind her, looked at her with eyes that held no mercy. In some manner the girl must be sent away. Matsuda should then be told that she preferred the life of gayety in Tokyo to marriage with him. After that, Yuri-san, the oldest daughter, would console and win him. Azalea had always appeared passive and obedient by nature. This sudden impulse of stubbornness was as unexpected as it was disturbing to her step-mother. What if this slim young girl with her childish face of innocence should develop the strong will of her samurai parent? Madame Yamada smiled unpleasantly at the prospect, and her smile boded no good for the young girl.

Meanwhile Azalea continued to look out dreamily through the opened shoji toward the hill, upon whose slope stood the little peaked mission house. The

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words of the minister kept repeating themselves in her head.

"There is only one true God. He it was who created the world—and you. He loves you, and will watch over and care for you always."

Ah, if it were only true, thought Azalea. If this new God would only be kinder than those she had known, then she might even close the eyes of her heart to the words of the priests of Kwannon, and forget they had told her the God of the barbarians was an evil spirit. She would prove Him. If He proved unkind to her she would believe it, but if it were otherwise, why how could the evil one be kind? It was not possible.

"Answer when you are spoken to," broke in her step-mother's sharp voice.

Azalea started.

"I did not hear you speak, honourable step-mother."

"Your ears are accommodatingly dull. You did not care to hear."

Azalea sighed, then pressed her lips together, as if to prevent the retort that might have escaped them.

Madame Yamada bent toward her.

"Do you wish to marry?"

Azalea reflected.

"No—o," she said, softly, and then "perhaps, yes. It would be a solution of my troubles, step-mother, would it not?"

"Would you marry any one who asked you, then? You appear to lack the common qualities of maiden modesty."

"I did not say I would marry any one," said the girl, flushing, "but almost any one would be kinder than you."

They were daring words and she anticipated their effect upon her step-mother, for after having spoken them she made a frightened motion from the older woman, who had seized her arm and was cruelly pinching it. Tears of pain came into the girl's eyes, but she made no outcry. Suddenly Madame Yamada flung the girl's arm from her.

"Did my touch hurt then?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Azalea briefly, her arm still sore though released.

"Yet," said her step-mother, "the pain inflicted by a woman who is weak, is nothing to that inflicted by a man. What will you do when your husband beats you?"

"I do not know," said Azalea mechancially, and then added slowly, "but I should not weep, mother-in-law. I would not give him that pleasure. But," she paused, "all husbands do not beat their wives. Perhaps the gods will favour me with a kind one. I should not marry him otherwise."

"How will you test his kindness?" asked her mother scornfully.

"I will know," she answered. "I will see him and love him before I marry him."

She arose and fluttered her sleeves back and forth. Her arm was in pain. She moved it thus mechanically as a nervous method of relief, but Madame Yamada had seen the figure coming along the white road toward their house, and she leaped to her feet like a savage.

"What!" she cried. "You stand shamelessly in the open doorway shaking your arms in unmaidenly fashion because a man approaches."

"I did not even see him," said Azalea, shrinking before the anger of her step-mother's expression, "and mother-in-law, see for yourself. The man is Matsuda Isami. Is it likely I would fling my sleeves at him?"

"At him most of all," said her step-mother hoarsely. "Do not deny it, shameless girl?"

Before Azalea could recover from the surprise occasioned by these words, Madame Yamada with one black look cast back at her, had left the kitchen, and was hastening to the front part of the house, there to prostrate herself with slavish sweetness and politeness before the exalted Matsuda Isami.

CHAPTER IV.

Matsuda Isami was a small, sharp-eyed man of possibly forty. He was rich and powerful, the landlord of many of the families in Sanyo. The people feared him while they respected his employment of hundreds of coolies, and it was said his parsimony had made him rich and kept the whole community poor. In some way direct or indirect nearly every one in the community was in his service or debt. He was the magnate of the

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town, and accordingly hated, feared, dreaded. He had come on foot to the humble home of Madame Yamada, he, the taciturn, cold-hearted head man of the town, and all because Azalea, walking in the sun, in a kimono, patched, faded but pretty, had turned her head toward him quite recently and smiled with childish impudence. Few people smiled upon Matsuda. This shabby daughter of a samurai, who in the early days had made no secret of his lordly contempt for the rich tradesman, had captivated Matsuda by one fleeting innocent smile. Matsuda desired her now above all things, and swore by all the gods that he would have her.

Wealth and power, after all, were not sufficient to gratify the insatiable greed of his nature. He was desirous of something more priceless, and for which he would have given up all his possessions —this beautiful young girl, Azalea.

With impatience he listened to Madame Yamada's servile words of compliment and welcome. Hardly had he seated himself, and with a gesture refused the proffered pipe, when he spoke of the object of his visit.

In accordance with her suggestion conveyed to him through the Nakoda, he had come in person to make his suit to her daughter. He desired to see her at once.

The prevaricating words of temporising that came to Madame Yamada's lips were not even listened to by him.

Her daughter not at home? Very well, he would go then at once. Thereupon he arose. Madame Yamada bit her lip until the blood came. Then she clapped her hands and bade the maid who answered tell the eldest daughter of the house to hasten at once to assist the most exalted Matsuda with his clogs. The latter, however, kicked his feet into the door, returning only a curt nod to peared, he went shuffling in them toward the door, returning only a curt nod to her deep and graceful obeisance. Madame Yamada, clasping her hands in despair, followed him to the door.

Would not His Excellency wait a little while?

No, His Excellency would not—that is to say—yes, His Excellency would; for just at that moment His Excellency, casting a keen glance about him, saw a little figure sitting on the door-step in the garden to the rear of the house.

"Your daughter, I perceive," he said, indicating Azalea, "has returned."

The angry blood buzzed in Madame Yamada's ears, but she answered calmly enough:

"Why, yes, it is true, Excellency." Then raising her voice she called to the girl: "Azalea!"

Matsuda, returning to the interior of the house, seated himself in the guest room, lighted his pipe and drew a long whiff. Then he looked at Azalea sitting before him pensively. His little keen eyes going from her to her step-mother, and catching the glance of baffled fury bestowed by Madame Yamada upon her daughter Yuri, he allowed a sound which was oddly like a chuckle to escape him. Then he put the pipe down and again regarded the maiden Azalea. He said:

"It is the wish of your step-mother that I address you personally."

She looked at him with eyes of inquiry. What had Matsuda Isami to say to her? She did not dream that a man as old as her father, and one who was so exalted in public opinion, would deign to propose marriage with her, so insignificant and humble.

"I wish to marry you," said Matsuda, bluntly.

Her lips parted and her eyes enlarged.

"Me?" she said, faintly, and repeated the little word. "Me?"

"Yes," he smiled. "Marry you, Azalea."

The colour came in a frightened ebb to her face. She looked at her mother and sister fearfully. Their faces were absolutely cold and impassive. In a flash she understood her step-mother's attitude of a moment since. It was all clearer than daylight. Azalea arose and bowed extravagantly down to the very mates. Then with her head almost at Matsuda's feet she said:

"The humblest one is altogether too insignificant and small to become the wife of so exalted a personage."

The words pleased Matsuda. Plainly this girl would make a most excellent and humble wife. He bent graciously

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and touched her head, patting it. She slipped under his hand to her knees, and then to a sitting position. But her head was still bent far over, and if the suitor could have seen that dimpling face, its expression would have perplexed him.

He seated himself opposite to her.

"The marriage," he said, "can be speedily arranged. I do not like delays in any of my affairs."

Madame Yamada interposed, desperately.

"Time will be needed to make her marriage garments, to call together her august relatives, for maidenly meditation, and for preparation for the marriage feast."

"We can dispense with all these things," said Matsuda, suavely.

"Too early a marriage would be unseemly," said Madame Yamada.

"Madame Yamada exaggerates public opinion," was Matsuda's response.

The woman's voice was barely controlled in its harshness.

"You, Azalea, what have you to say?"

Azalea opened her fan and looked at it thoughtfully, almost as though in the painted pictures upon it she found an answer. Suddenly she raised her head.

"I do not wish to marry," she said, and added as an afterword: "— yet."

At that moment her step-mother could have embraced her.

Matsuda cleared his throat.

"When then will it suit you?" he asked, respectfully.

The girl's eyes were still upon her fan, and without raising them she replied with a slight shrug of her small bewitching shoulders:

"I do not know when. Maybe in one year; maybe in ten. I do not wish to marry—yet."

Matsuda arose.

"For one year," he said, "or for ten years, or as long as your caprice may make it, I will wait for you."

Azalea's fan fluttered closed. She bowed her head upon it.

"Excellency is very faithful."

"Once," said Matsuda, looking at her with half closed eyes, "your august samurai father deigned to call me 'Dog.' You will learn, maiden, that I shall prove my title to 'Dog' by my watchfulness and faithfulness. I have sworn to possess you, and possess you I will."

The moment he was gone Azalea turned toward her step-mother, upon whose countenance a look of sweetest benevolence toward her step-daughter was slowly appearing.

"Mother-in-law," said the girl, "you need not fear that I will marry *him*. No, my father spoke true words. He *is* a dog. He has only the instincts of a tradesman, and as such he comes here to buy the daughter of a samurai."

"Your words are wise, Azalea," said the step-mother, "and you win my maternal affection. Matsuda is not the fit husband for a warrior's daughter. Yet Azalea, bear in mind that Yuri, your sister, had for father one less elevated than a samurai—one indeed who was a mere tradesman. She is well fitted to be the wife of Matsuda Isami. Therefore, you can help or hinder this our ambition."

"I will neither help nor hinder," said Azalea, crossing the room, and looking through the shoji. "Mother-in-law, I have no interest in the matter," she added.

Madame Yamada was behind her and had touched her arm, the arm she had lately pinched so viciously.

"Promise to be steadfast in your refusal of Matsuda. Promise that, Azalea, and you will find that harshness is an unknown quality in this household."

"Oh, I will promise that, easily," said Azalea. "I will not even look at or speak to the man. Other things now occupy my insignificant head."

CHAPTER V.

It was in the springtime, when the little leaves upon the trees were of the most entrancing shade of green and the wild plum and cherry blossoms blew in clouds of pink and white, making an impressionistic picture against the deep blue sky so lovely and entrancing, that even such a serious minded, earnest worker as the Rev. Richard Varley became unconscious of the sermon he had been writing and smiled out at the landscape.

Nature oftentimes from her very beauty distracts one from the work of composition, though one would call her

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lovingly an inspiration. How could the young missionary continue the writing of his sermon, when the alluring breezes of the spring softly slipped into his room and insistently drew the pencil from his hand. And so he sat there smiling at his desk and dreaming. He was not conscious of his dreams. He only knew the world seemed very good and fair. His pen trailed over the paper for a space, then paused, to continue again. Idly, and unconsciously, he had covered a sheet of foolscap.

The slight noise of the opening of his sliding doors caused him to come to life with a guilty start. His usually pale face was flooded with colour, as for the first time he saw what he had written on the page. He turned it over quickly, though he did not lay this last sheet among the previous pages of his sermon.

A face of prodigious fatness was thrust between the shoji.

"What is it, Matsu?" asked the minister in Japanese.

"The girl Azalea," she answered. "I have told her Your Excellency is most busy, but she still stays."

"That is right," he said, quietly. "I am expecting her."

The servant pressed her lips and her round cheeks expanded till her little eyes were almost hidden. She muttered discontentedly. "Again, Excellency?"

"Yes," he said, "again. What are you waiting for?"

She shuffled unwillingly from the room, drawing the doors behind her. Suddenly she opened them again.

"Excellency," she said, "she is not truly converted—no! That is a lie!"

He smiled. The maid's jealousy of all his parishioners gave him amusement. She was envious even of their possible conversion.

"That will do, Matsu," he said. "Don't keep our visitor waiting."

The woman muttered ill-temperedly as she passed along the hall.

The minister waited in pleasing anticipation. He had not expected her at this hour. She came usually in the afternoon. He remembered with what fearful shyness she had first entered his house, and the tremulous, almost breathless fashion in which she had replied to his questions. He was of a hopeful, sanguine disposition. Though he knew that his small congregation consisted of those induced by sen to come to church, those who came from curiosity and others still—young boys and girls, from mischief solely, still he believed that his labour would bear eventual fruit, and lo, at last a convert! She was very young, somewhat fragile, and in her own strange fashion lovely. From the first he had likened her to a timid wild bird. Even after she had entered his house, she had turned backward as though to retreat; then as his deep, serious eyes met hers she spoke as if urged by some impulse, and repeated her faltering words in English.

"Minister, I am convert unto you!"

At first her visits had been irregular and spasmodic. She would come as far as the hill, then turn back. Again, her courage emboldened, she would reach his garden gate, there to linger but a moment, the antagonistic face of the minister's servant affrighting her. But in the absence of the maid, Azalea would daringly pass beyond the gate. A few moments later the minister would meet her in the path and lead her into his house.

The minister hearing the light glide of her little feet now outside the doors, hastened to slide back the shoji.

She stood upon the threshold, her eyes widened, her cheeks glowing with the tremulous excitement that always assailed her upon the occasion of these visits. He held out his large hand in silence, and she, the colour fluttering wildly now over her face, slowly and timidly lifted her little one from the folds of her sleeve and put it into his. He drew her towards his desk. Still holding her hand, he seated himself and looked up at her, without speaking, but smiling very tenderly. Her eyes turned from his and her lips trembled. She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it firmly and then suddenly enclosed it completely with his other hand.

Fright assailed the girl. She slipped to the floor, her head dropping on a level with his knees. Then Richard Varley bent and spoke to her in his strangely tender voice, which somehow always seemed to penetrate and still her beating little heart.

"Azalea!" He spoke her name so softly. "Lift your face, my little girl," he

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said. "I want to see it, while I tell you something."

She obeyed him like a child, but the eyes that met his were mutely appealing.

"What do you think I am going to say to you to-day?" he asked, smiling a trifle.

"About those honourable commandments?"

He shook his head.

"No. You already have learned them well, have you not?"

"Yes. You like hear me say them mebbe?"

"Not to-day. I wish to speak to you about another matter."

She looked at him apprehensively.

"Oh," she said, "mebbe your august God tell you I also visit at the temple that other day?"

He looked a trifle startled.

"What temple?—what do you mean?"

"Your God sees all things?"

"All things," he said, solemnly.

Her eyes expressed momentary fright. She drew her hands forcibly from his and sat backward a little way from him, her head bent.

"Then," she said, "you already know about—about my—my lie?"

"Lie?"

He leaned forward in his chair.

"Yaes—yaes—your God told you."

"Tell me what you mean."

The face she raised was pitiful.

"Excellency, that was velly wicked lie I tell you wen I say that I am convert unto you."

He stared at her blankly. She could not bear the expression on his face and pushed herself nearer to him on her knees. Her hands fluttered above and then timidly touched his.

"Excellency, I sawry—sawry——" There was a sob in her voice now, and her eyes were misty. "Pray you be like unto the gods and forgive that lie."

He stood up mechanically, then sat down again, turning in his seat toward the desk and resting his clasped hands there. She, from her kneeling posture, reached up to touch his arm.

"Pray——" she began and broke off, as though she could not finish. He turned his head and looked at her curiously. Still he did not speak.

"Listen," she continued in her low, almost sighing voice, which he no longer wished to hear. "I tell you only one lie—one liddle bit lie. Thas not velly much. Also I beseech the gods to pardon that lie—and I beseech also your mos' kind God pardon me." She broke off distressfully—— "Excellency, will you not hear me?"

"I am listening," he said, heavily.

"Your voice so hard," she said.

His eyes were still stern. He spoke mechanically.

"I was going to say something—something personal to you to-day. You have shocked me. That is all. But I want to hear what you have to say. There may be extenuating—well, tell me, how it came about that you pretended conversion."

"I wanted moaney," she said.

She saw his hands clinch and shrank before the look upon his face. She shook her head uncertainly.

"For money!" he repeated.

"Yaes, I needed some velly much. Gonji say you pay big moaney to convert, and so—and so—*I* become convert."

The minister closed his eyes, then covered them spasmodically with his hand. Sitting back in his seat he remained with his face thus half shielded while she spoke on.

"But," she said, "you din not give me moaney; no not even one-half sen." She laughed a little, almost joyously.

"Ah, I am so glad you din nod give," she said. "I doan want that moaney. After that first day my honourable stepmother doan be unkind no more. Also she give me plenty to eat, an' new dress, also Matsuda Isami ask me marry wis him evelly day in those weeks."

The minister uncovered his eyes and looked at her. The expression of his face must have been less forbidding for she moved confidently nearer to him.

"What do you think now?" she asked.

His voice was husky.

"You spoke of marrying some one."

She shook her head.

"No. Some one want marry wiz me. *I* doan desire. But sinz he want, my honourable mother-in-law is mos' kind unto me, and I doan starve no more.

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Therefore I doan wan no moaney—be convert now."

"Ah, why do you keep up the pretense then?"

"Pretense?" She could not understand the word, as her English vocabulary was limited to words acquired from the minister's predecessor, a woman missionary.

"Why do you still pretend to be a Christian? Why do you continue to come here if it is no longer necessary for you to obtain money?"

"Because," said Azalea, smiling up at him, "I *want* do so. Also, I kinnod stay away. My august feet bringing me back all those times."

He sighed. Her face with its quickly changing expressions became wistful.

"Excellency, I am glad thad honourable God telling you thad about those moaneys. Perhaps he also tell you that I *want* be convert an' doan' want no moaney."

He wavered toward her a moment, and then turned his eyes from her. He had been beguiled too long.

"Mebbe your God doan desire me?—mebbe," she said.

He did not answer. To recall him to her she touched his knee. His voice was hoarse.

"Salvation is free to all," he said, dully.

She laughed almost joyfully.

"I make nudder confession," she said, eagerly. "Sometimes I 'fraid of your God. The priest tell me he is evil spirit and I getting skeered. Well, wen I come unto your house I know that your God gitting hold of my heart, for it beating so hard, I doan know wha's matter wis me. I doan know whether I lidder bit skeered of your honourable God, or—or—of *you* augustness. So that other day wen you take my hand this away." She tried to illustrate, but found him unresponsive. Her voice toiled forlornly. "I so 'fraid of tha's influence of your God. I run so quick from your house I kinnod see, and then I came to thad temple and prostrate myself before Kwannon and beseech her save me from all those powers of evil spirits. Then I go home, and I know I jusd silly, foolish girl. Thad God you tell me 'bout is *not* evil spirit. No—*no!* *You* say nod, an' I jus' foolish, skeered, because, mebbe jus' because I am thad happy."

"Happy! Why were you happy?"

He could not resist the expression of her eyes and almost unconsciously allowed her hands to slip back into his.

"Because *you* so kind unto me," she said, "you touching my hand this way—so warm—so nize! Tha's why I coon nod speag. Tha's stop my heart."

"I love you!" he said, the words escaping his lips almost without his volition. "I cannot help it. That was what I wanted to say to you to-day."

She clung to his hands. Her lips parted. The colour was wild in her face.

"Oh," she said, "you *love me!* Tha's a most beautifulest thought, Excellency. Mebbe also your God love me—jus' *me*—also?"

He drew her into his arms and held her there a moment. He forgot everything else as he kissed her willing, questioning face and little hands. Then after an interval:

"What does it matter—what does anything matter now?" he said. "I love you. I know that you love me. Your eyes do not lie."

When he released her, her hands fell limply on his knees.

"No one," she said, breathlessly, her eyes shining, "aever clasping me like thad."

He laughed as joyously as he could. With his arm about her, as she knelt before him, he showed her the sheet of paper covered with his writing of her name.

"That," he said, almost boyishly, "is how the Rev. Richard Varley wrote his sermon to-day—'Azalea, Azalea, Azalea, Azalea'—nothing but 'Azalea'!"

"Tha's me! *I* am Azalea!" she said. "Oh, thas so nize be your convert."

He laughed, then sighed.

"You will be that in time, I promise," he said, "and meanwhile, well, meanwhile, we will be married."

She looked up at him with frightened eyes.

"Married! You also marry me?" she asked.

"Why, yes, of course. We will make a little trip to a town where there's another minister, or possibly I can have the ceremony here."

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"Oh! Pray you doan make other converts. *Please* doan."

"Why?"

"Because perhaps you also marry them—yaes?"

He laughed again and kissed the tip of her little pointed chin. There was a bewitching dimple in it, and he had always desired to kiss it.

"When you are my wife, you will, in time, become my helper. You too will make converts."

"You gotter git consent my honourable mother-in-law," she interrupted.

His face fell.

"Also," she said, "I gotter git those marriage garments, and you must buy me lots presents."

"No, I'll marry you in the gown you have on."

"This!" She touched it in dismay. "Why thad would be disgrace upon me."

"Very well, you shall be disgraced then. Now come—we'll go to your stepmother right away. There's no time to be lost."

She hesitated as they reached the door.

"Wait," she said. He paused with the sliding door half open.

"*You* bedder not come also. Let *me* speag to her alone. Tha's bedder. *If* she doan consent, then I skeer her and say I marry wiz Matsuda. She doan wish that. She desire him for Yuri."

"Oh, I see."

"Ah—bah!" (Good-bye!) she said, passing through the opening. He drew her back.

"Is that the way to say 'good-bye?'" he asked, reproachfully.

She was puzzled.

"This is the American way," he said, boyishly, and stooping kissed her.

"Tha's nicer way," she smiled. "I like say American good-a-bye all the time." He laughed and bade her "American good-bye" again. He watched her disappearing down the corridor. Her little steps were soundless. What a light, tiny, butterfly soul was hers, he thought, and how deep, how strong, how resistless the love he bore her!

He heard her voice outside. She was calling to him. He threw apart the shoji of his study and leaped to the ground outside.

"I want say 'American good-a-bye' again," she said, and raised her face upward to be kissed, her hands upon his.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TITLES AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

AN extensive monograph might be written upon the titles of novels, regarded as a serious factor in the popularity of the books themselves. But it would be largely a study of lost opportunities. The average author does not seem to realize that a successful title rests upon the same principles that underlie the whole psychology of advertising; and that when he chooses a name and inscribes it upon the cover of his manuscript he is really penning his first and most far-reaching advertisement. The title is really the author's most direct opportunity to address his prospective reader, his best chance to explain just what his purpose has been in writing the book. If he has a clearcut central idea, he may embody it in one terse word or phrase, so unique and suggestive that it will refuse to be forgotten. Of course, the cleverest title in the world will not force a worthless book upon the public, any more than the cleverest street-car posters could make us go on indefinitely buying a worthless soap or baking powder. And, on the other hand, if a story has real genius in it, the readers will sooner or later find it out, in spite of a colourless or inane label on the cover. And yet, there is no doubt that a majority of novels are sent forth, handicapped with an inadequate, if not actually a misleading, title.

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The best title is like every other advertisement of the best sort; it is not only the one which attracts attention and lingers in the memory, but it is the one which is the most truthful,—the title which most accurately describes the scope of the story. It is surprising how few titles there are which leave you with a feeling that they are not only adequate, but the best possible titles for the particular stories they designate,—titles that fit, not merely the opening chapter, or the second or the third, but every phase and aspect of the story from start to finish; strokes of genius that could not be improved upon. If you run over, in your mind, the whole range of English fiction, from Fielding and Smollett downward, with this thought in mind, you will find a few cases in point, but only a few. Here and there a title will leap into sudden prominence; the mere mention of it will seem to make the whole story unroll, like a panorama, in your brain. But for the most part, the older English writers had a fatal fondness for labeling their books with the names of hero or heroine, *Joseph Andrews, Peter Simple, Adam Bede;* or still more laconically, *Pamela, Belinda, Emma, Romola,*—and titles of this sort can never carry with them that luminous suggestiveness which the symbolic title conveys; except, indeed, in a few cases like *Don Quixote,* where the name itself has acquired a symbolic meaning that has passed into current use. Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* is a good instance of a title so appropriate and obvious that one feels it must have almost chosen itself. The very mention of it calls up a flood of memories; the statue of the dancing faun, the discovery of the likeness to Donatello, the mystery of the pointed ears, the whole problem of a dual nature, half instinct and half reason, which goes to the very heart of Hawthorne's story.

Oftentimes, however, the best titles are squandered upon unimportant books. A splendid instance is found in a story by James Payn, written fully a quarter of a century ago, and probably not easily accessible to-day. The name of the book is *Halves.* An old uncle, long absent in South America, has at last returned to his family, preceded by rumours of vast wealth. It has been for a long time tacitly understood that if he should win a fortune during his distant wanderings, he will divide it equally with his brother's family; but if he returns penniless, then half of whatever they have is his. The old man, however, comes back craving human sympathy and affection after his long absence. But he quickly discovers that the only interest his return has kindled in his brother, his brother's wife, or his nephew, is the sordid interest inspired by their greed. So he closes his lips, oyster-like, regarding the success of his quest for fortune; and the days and weeks drag by, while the family's suspense steadily augments, and they dare not question him for fear of giving offence and so losing even their chance for a share. Meanwhile, the thought that haunts their sleep at night, the one subject of their private talk by day, is whether the uncle will go halves, according to compact,—whether, indeed, he has any money to go halves with. The very walls of the house seem to echo back this one word, "halves," and the old green parrot, hanging in the dining room, has so caught the prevailing spirit that he can never see the uncle come into the room without croaking out, in sinster tones, "divide, divide!" In the end they become convinced that they are harbouring a penniless beggar, and thereupon deliberately poison him, by peppering all his food with chopped horse-hair; only to learn, at his death, that he has left a colossal fortune, safely tied up so that they cannot touch it. Here was a story which surely did not deserve to be retained in the memory for upward of twenty-five years, and which never would have been retained without its title. But no one, who has read it, can hear the word "halves" without recalling the whole story, and hearing again in memory the old green parrot croaking his ill-omened "divide, divide!"

A clear-cut plot and a clear-cut title usually go together; and in both respects the French are our superiors. Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui Rit* is a bit of crystallised irony, serving as a perpetual reminder of the luckless wretch whose lips were set in an involuntary and endless grin. Some French titles are not only little miracles of clever symbolism, but they have actually enriched the vo-

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cabulary of current speech with a new word or phrase. "A woman of thirty" has taken on a new significance since Balzac wrote his *Femme de Trente Ans;* and from the *Demi-Monde* of the younger Dumas to the *Demi-Vierges* of Marcel Prévost, it would be easy to pick out a score of similar, if less striking examples. Among the more recent, one recalls Camille Pert's race-suicide novel, *Les Florifères,* which gave the language a new euphemism for that type of Parisienne who deliberately chooses a life of sterile beauty; and Maurice Barrès's *Les Déracinés,* which passed into current use as a name for the horde of young men from the provinces, who flock annually to Paris, and having uprooted themselves from their native ground, droop and wither in the uncongenial soil of the capital.

In English, titles of this sort are hard to find. *Vanity Fair,* perhaps, has assumed a new and wider significance, since Thackeray borrowed it from Bunyan. *The Scarlet Letter* is a convenient and unmistakable euphemism; and *Innocents Abroad,* as a designation of a certain type of travelled Americans, common enough a generation ago, is one of the permanent additions to our national idioms. But it is one of the distinctions of Rudyard Kipling that he has coined more titles which have added words and phrases to the current speech than any other modern English writer. If we speak casually of "Absent-Minded Beggars," of the "Truce of the Bear," of the "White Man's Burden," of the "Native Born," or of the "Five Nations," the whole Anglo-Saxon world knows precisely what we mean, and the language is just so much richer for these telling phrases, and a good many others like them. But it is interesting to note that the titles which we remember and quote come for the most part from his short stories and poems. Kipling's genius has always inclined towards the short distances in literature. The sustained effort has always been, to him, something of a *tour de force;* and, when at last he did produce a wonderful, complex story of India, he could do no better than take refuge in the old-time device of borrowing the name of his hero for a title, and call it *Kim.*

As already said, the ideal title should fulfill a triple purpose. It should awaken interest; it should linger in the memory; and it should be a truthful and comprehensive expression of the book's significance. As a rule, the modern title does not sin in regard to the first of these requirements. On the contrary, it seems to have caught something of the flamboyant spirit of the poster art. It sacrifices real meaning to the desire to attract attention,—a picturesque sequence of words, a flare of verbal colour. It seizes upon some unimportant aspect of a story, some extraneous and irrelevant episode, and raises it to the dignity of a *Leitmotiv.* There are some titles which lead you to suspect that their choice was left to an outsider, who did not trouble himself to read beyond the opening chapter. The result is some such title as that of Alice Woods Ullman's recent book, *A Gingham Rose,* which seems to have no earthly justification, beyond the unimportant fact that the heroine once went to a fancy-dress ball in the guise of a full-blown rose, made from pink gingham. Here is a case of absolute lack of harmony between title and subject. The one suggests a millinery shop, so far as it suggests anything at all; the other, or at least the one lasting memory that you bring away from it, is a morbid picture of life,—mere remnants of life,—in a consumptive colony somewhere in the alkali deserts of the southwest; and roses, gingham or otherwise, have no place in the picture.

It would be easy to make a list of a score of recent books, the names of which are little better than clever cryptograms. They seem to have been designed solely to pique curiosity and to defy a rational intrepretation. But they overreach themselves by excess of cleverness; for the omniverous novel reader of today forgets with a fatal ease the name of the book he read yesterday, unless plot and title are so closely interwoven that he cannot think of the one without recalling the other. A seemingly cryptic title, on the other hand, which becomes clear as soon as the book is read, may deserve to be numbered among the genuine strokes of genius in the nomenclature of fiction. Henry James's titles are often of this sort. But a better example

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than *The Wings of the Dove,* or *The Ambassadors,* is Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread.* Here was a title which might mean almost anything, until you had read the book. But afterward, it became the one logical, all-sufficient phrase to designate the lack of that particular mental and moral leaven, which makes all the difference between the men and women who are really the right sort, and the Selma Whites of actual life.

Among the novels of the month, there happens to be just one which serves as a capital illustration of a title which fits the first chapter and the last, and all the chapters between, and that, too, in a symbolic as well as a literal sense,—*Love Among the Ruins,* by Warwick Deeping. It is too early yet to speak with much assurance regarding Mr. Deeping's chance of winning a wide popularity. From the professional critic, who regards a new writer with the same impartial interest that an entomologist bestows upon a new species of neuroptera, and hastens to transfix and classify him, Mr. Deeping is likely to receive a degree of attention somewhat beyond his deserts. He belongs to the small school of younger writers who are trying to follow in the footsteps of Maurice Hewlett; and up to the present, he is the only one of them whose success has merited serious attention. His *Uther and Igraine* had much of the delicate tapestry work which was the hall mark of Mr. Hewlett's *Forest Lovers;* and it had, also, that same curious and paradoxical effect of quaint old, mediæval figures, suddenly flushing into the warmth of life and youth and rebellious heartbeats. And yet it is too soon to say just how much of this is the product of true genius, and how much is merely a reflected lustre. In all cases of literary discipleship, the superficial and obvious little mannerisms and tricks of style are the first things which a young writer succeeds in imitating. And, in Mr. Hewlett's case, the idiosyncrasies of word and phrase are so glaringly prominent, so obviously the product of a deliberate and audacious artificiality, that to imitate them is well-nigh as easy as lighting matches,—but, unfortunately for his imitators, Mr. Hewlett's mannerisms are of the safety-match variety; they will give back a responsive flash only when lighted upon their own particular cover. In a book like *The Queen's Quair,* one feels that the affectations of style have become almost a second nature, an integral part of Mr. Hewlett's mental equipment. In Mr. Deeping's books, one feels that it is still a conscious effort to write as prettily as he can; one is even filled with a vague wonder that he succeeds so well in keeping it up, page after page, without occasionally forgetting himself, and lapsing into everyday English. Take for instance the opening paragraph. You know that it was not written spontaneously, nor in a day or a week. It was weighed and measured and mulled over, in order to get just the right rhythm and cadence. And as a result, it is probably the most obviously artificial paragraph in the entire volume.

> The branches of the forest invoked the sky with the supplications of their thousand hands. Black, tumultuous, terrible, the winds billowed under the moon, stifled with the night, silent as a windless sea. Winter, like a pale Semiramis of gigantic mould, stood with her coronet touching the steely sky. A mighty company of stars stared frost-bright from the heavens.

The opening line is more than Hewlett; it is almost pure Maeterlinck. It sounds like a reminiscence of the raindrops in the *Princesse Maleine,* "tapping with their fingers, their myriads of fingers, upon the window pane." But, taken as a whole, *Love Among the Ruins* is undeniably a well sustained and interesting piece of work. It is a tale of feudal days, when neighbouring barons did not hesitate to settle family feuds by force of arms; when battering rams thundered against castle walls, and the victorious host would finally depart, leaving the vanquished to bury their dead beneath the light of their own blazing towers. It was in the midst of such a scene of ruin, with her inheritance streaming heavenward in "a pennon of vermilion flame," that the daughter of the dead Rual of Cambremont meets the man she is destined to love. It is in the midst of ruins that this love ripens,—ruins of stone and mortar, ruins of hope and faith and honour; and finally, after the man and the girl have been long

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separated, and the cruel fortunes of war have robbed her of her glorious beauty, making her a "mockery of her very self," she finds that she has needlessly dreaded the day when she must "lift her scars to the eyes of Love," because her hero returns hoplessly blind, and will never have the pain of seeing how hostile flames have scared her features. And so, even to the end, it is still *Love Among the Ruins,*—the ruins of his lost eye-sight and of her blighted beauty.

The Villa Claudia, by John Ames Mitchell, is a good example of a lost opportunity in the way of a title. It is not misleading, or enigmatic; it is simply colourless. It conveys nothing in advance, beyond a vague inference that the story has an Italian setting; and after you have read it, and your memory begins to grow cold, you are as apt to think of it as the "Villa Augusta," or the "Villa Tiberia," or any other from the entire list of the Twelve Cæsars, as you are to hit upon the right name,—because there is no logical connection between plot and story. And really the story deserved better treatment in the matter of christening, because it is a deliciously whimsical piece of fantasy,—an extravaganza that will at one moment set you to thinking of Mr. Anstey's *Vice-Versa,* and H. G. Wells's *Invisible Man,* and then at the turn of a page will reveal an unexpected touch of sinister irony that suggests a comparison with *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* It is a comparatively easy matter to tell a tale of concentrated horror, an out-and-out ghost story, with all the traditional paraphernalia of a deserted house, an adjacent church-yard, and the patter of unseen feet upon the stairs. But to introduce a strain of the supernatural into the broad daylight, and to do it as deftly as Mr. Mitchell has done, with a perfectly grave face, and yet with a sly twinkle lurking, one suspects, in the corner of his eye, is a *tour de force* that deserves a cordial recognition. To sum it up briefly, the Villa Claudia is a modern restoration of an ancient ruin at Tivoli, the "many-fountained Tibur" of Horace, and situated upon the very spot where the Roman poet used, centuries ago, to meet with his friends, and sing his songs, and drink the good, red Falernian wine. But there is something uncanny about the modern Villa Claudia. In the parlance of the local guide, whose English is as unique as it is fragmentary, it is a "Ontaida Ouse, Ouse of Spirite;" and he goes on to explain that its last owner did not die in the ordinary course of nature,—he simply vanished. One day he was, and the next day he was not; and no one knew the cause or manner of his taking off. They knew only that the last night of his life was spent in the chamber where Horace used to hold his feasts, and where a perfume of the old Falernian seems still to linger,—where, indeed, careful search unearths from time to time an amphora with its seal still unbroken, the priceless remnant of a vintage trodden out before the beginning of the Christian era. Strange things happen in this haunted room, and the real art of the story lies in the way in which these things are suggested, rather than directly told. Imagine a wine which through nineteen centuries has been slowly gathering an untold store of human joys; a wine so potent that he who drank but a cupful would live, in the dreams of a single night, through numberless years of mad revelry and measureless delights,—would a man be willing to quaff this cup, if he must barter all his remaining years for this one night of infinite but imaginary joys? This is a question asked and solved in various ways by men of different nationalities, whom the charms of a pretty American girl have drawn together at the villa; and the whole thing is done with so light a touch that you almost lose sight of the more serious purpose that lies beneath. It may be added that Mr. Mitchell is obviously one of those who love the blue sky, and light laughter, and vineclad hills of Italy.

Frances Powell is a comparatively new author, who won quite as much praise as she was entitled to, if not more, by her first story, *The House on the Hudson.* She is frankly a disciple of the Brontë school of fiction; and for a story redolent of sensational mystery, the title was not a bad one, because it suggested a kinship with *The House on the Marsh,* and *The Fall of the House of Usher. The By-Ways of Braithe* is Frances Powell's new story, and so far as the title goes there is no fault to be

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found, because it will linger in the memory quite as long as the merit of the book warrants, if not longer. Old English castles, with mysterious passage-ways and subterranean vaults, are not usually to be found on the banks of the Hudson; but it happened that the first Braithe who came to this country was an eccentric sort of person, who was not happy until he had built an exact duplicate of his ancestral home in England, down to the very last hidden stair-case and sliding panel. This first American Braithe had to his credit at least one magnanimous deed, for he saved, on the field of battle, the life of a poor Frenchman, named Rapelle; and henceforth every generation of Braithes was served by a descendant of this Frenchman, who shared with the head of the house the secret knowledge of the "By-Ways of Braithe." But with each generation the character of the Braithes degenerated, while that of the Rapelles improved; and at the opening of the story, when the last male Braithe dies, leaving a widow and three daughters, there is not a living being who can shed a tear of honest regret. The Rapelle of the present generation, who remains true to his traditional oath of allegiance, although he has amassed a fortune of his own, pays the debts that have almost overwhelmed the house of Braithe, and marries the eldest daughter, apparently as an act of charity,—at least, on her wedding day, she looks into his eyes and reads there nothing softer than "contemptuous pity." The story of a girl, married to the man whom she secretly loves and pretends to hate, while he in turn carefully conceals the fact that he loves her, is an old device, dear to the heart of the Duchess and Mrs. Forrester. But Frances Powell is probably the first to combine such a plot with an atmosphere of mystery and a labyrinth of underground passages that delude you into thinking you are renewing acquaintance with *The Mysteries of Udolpho,* or the Black Forest episode in George Sand's *Consuelo.* *The By-Ways of Braithe* is not without cleverness, but it seems out of place in this age and country. It should have had a setting of mediæval Germany or the Italy of the Borgias.

One thing may be said in favour of using the name of hero or heroine as the title of a novel,—it may lack originality, but it is never inappropriate. In earlier days it was the fashion to choose names that had a special rhythm, most frequently that of the closing foot of a Homeric line,—a dactyl, followed by a spondee, such as *Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Midshipman Easy, Daniel Deronda;* the list could be expanded almost indefinitely. A whole essay might be written on the metrical cadence of titles, and the part they play in helping the reader's memory. At the present day, however, when the popularity of personal names as titles has abated, there really seems to be no good and sufficient reason for handicapping a good story with such a colourless name as *Nancy Stair.* The author, Elinor Macartney Lane, attracted some attention by her earlier novel, *Mills of God.* Her new book, however, is not only in quite a different vein, but it is a stronger and more careful piece of work, and in places reveals an unexpected dramatic power. The scene is Scotland of a century ago, when Robert Burns, the "plowman from Ayr," was a name on the lips of every Scotchman; and he plays no small part in the story. Yet it would be an injustice to class *Nancy Stair* with the so-called historical novels, for it is really a study of a young woman's character, as developed under a strictly masculine education. Nancy is the only daughter of Lord Stair and his half gypsy wife, who died in giving her birth. Her father and his two closest friends, one of them a crusty old lawyer, undertake the bringing up of this woman child with no definite system in view, beyond the determination "to keep her as far as possible from the influence of the usual unthinking female." The old lawyer, Hugh Pitcairn, at times has his misgivings regarding the wisdom of their method. "You can't make a woman into a man by any method of rearing," he declares, "for there are six thousand years of ancestry to overcome. That's somewhat, and with the female physiology and the Lord himself against you, I'm thinking it wise for you to have your daughter reared like other women." Yet even

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Pitcairn changes his mind as the years go by and Nancy develops a remarkable talent for mastering the technicalities of the law, devouring the law books that he lends her, slipping away from home at every opportunity to attend the sessions of the criminal court, and showing a grasp of legal problems and an ability to argue them to a logical conclusion. He is forced to concede that Nancy is an exception to his favourite axiom, that "it is impossible to civilise a woman." But the defect in this thoroughly masculine training is, that when Nancy comes to decide the crucial question in a woman's life she follows her logical little brain, instead of obeying the dictates of her heart. It is not highly moral, she admits, to be in love with three men at once. Yet, instead of giving her heart into the safe-keeping of young Danvers Carmichael, and ending the matter once for all, she hesitates between a sentimental admiration for the poet Burns, and a "treacherous inclination" for the profligate Duke of Berthwicke. Young Danvers Carmichael has a hasty temper, and jealousy finally goads him into publicly threatening the Duke's life. And the next day, when the Duke is found dead with a bullet through his brain and Danvers's pistol beside him, there is strong circumstantial evidence on which to indict the latter for murder. Nancy, however, has not studied law in vain; here at last is a matter on which her logical brain and her impulsive heart may work in harmony; and the way in which she finally secures Danvers's acquittal makes an effective climax to a clever book. If Wilkie Collins had not already preëmpted the title, it might aptly have been called *The Law and the Lady.*

It is a rare delight, now and then, to come across a volume of such whimsical humour and delicate workmanship as *The Romance of Piscator,* by Henry W. Lanier. It is a book which must inevitably appeal to all who can appreciate that fine art which knows how to combine reality and idealism in just proportions; but it will appeal most strongly to those who are still in the heyday of romance and of poetry, and who have learned to hearken to "the siren voice of the reel." It is written with the enthusiasm of the true sportsman, and as you read of some fortunate cast on the surface of an inviting pool, of the sudden rush, the sudden gleam of a speckled streak of incarnate lightning, the breathless struggle, the final conquest, you find yourself tingling with contagious excitement. Fishing, however, is only a secondary consideration, as the judicious and unassuming title indicates. Romance is the serious business that commands Piscator's full allegiance. Once upon a time, fishing may have been the be-all and the end-all of life,—but that was before he met the Peri. Since that day, the gentle art of Izaak Walton is simply a makeshift to fill in the empty hours when the Peri is absent, a means of showing superiority over dangerous rivals, a theme of ingratiating conversation with the Peri's father. But the endless patience which is the cardinal virtue of the born angler stands Piscator in great stead. The Peri is wary, she refuses to fall an easy prey. One moment Piscator feels sure of his conquest, the next she has taken alarm and is off, in a mad dash for Maine, for Canada, for Newport or Narragansett, carrying her reluctant father, the "purple-gilled gentleman," triumphantly in tow. It is hard to do justice to a book of this sort in a brief paragraph; it is so full of half lights, of delicate shades of humour and sentiment, of golden gleams of poetry and tenderness. It is an unpretentious little book, done with a rare lightness of touch; and the fiction of the day would be better if we could have more books like it.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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FOUR BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

THE DIARY OF A MUSICIAN.*

ANY one who has seen much of artistic people knows that they often have all the sensations of genius without the least vestige of that quality itself. There is in fact a sort of dumb genius like dumb ague, and a complex inner emotional life full of shakes and fevers and despair and ecstasies without any means of effective communication. We once met a minor poet, whose internal condition we are sure was one of volcanic hullaballoo, but so far as the outward manifestations were concerned they were quite the usual barnyard note. This phenomenon is more common among musicians and players, we surmise, than any other classes of artists. Hence, while the hero of this book is represented as a man of actual achievements and great renown, that is not essential. He typifies a temperament quite apart from the minor details of success or fulfilment. Marie Bashkirtseff, of course, is the most familiar example of this spiritual disproportion. Much of that exquisite egotism, the huge artistic Me and the tiny universe, that gluttony of the emotions confounding the nerves with the soul and the flesh with Heaven, in short of the whole peculiar Bashkirtseff compound of hysteria, inspiration, vanity, insight and fidgets which goes to make up that delightful but somewhat rickety thing which we call the artistic temperament is reproduced in the character of Herr X. in the *Diary of a Musician,* and satirised very pleasantly.

X. is the son of a Bohemian peasant with a gift for fiddling and a craving to escape his sordid surroundings and go to Prague, to learn the technique of his art. His entries record his self-pity. "It will be eleven hours before I must help feed the swine, and I shall lie awake all the night, and that will make my flesh as if there were cobwebs everywhere upon me; and before the day the bedclothes will hurt my skin. I must sleep at the back of the bed—which is far better than sleeping between my brother and sister. I hope I shall soon die. * * * Oh God! To have a pillow all my own and to go to Prague: the thoughts are becoming inseparable. Should I ever live to be as old as my father, I swear to Heaven I will have a pillow—one pillow—that is mine." Then he learns that if the pigs fetch a good price he may go to Prague, so he feeds them feverishly. "I hear a symphony in the squeak of the swine. In every pound of fat upon them I behold Paradise." He goes to Prague and has a separate bed. "I have seen the world. My blood is on fire. * * * I seem to have lost my body and only to possess a soul. I write upon air with a dream pen." Success at the Conservatory soon follows. "I have had a beautiful letter from my father. The master has written to him; I do not know what, but my father's satisfaction is evident. He tells me that I am to have new clothing for the concert. I will follow his instruction; these clothes that I have look very well, I fancy, except that I cut a piece of fur from the jacket to pay for a talk through the telephone." Then follow many triumphs, artistic and amatory; all set down with the same air of personal irresponsibility. At first he disliked women. "I would be glad to know," he wrote, "if all the women are square at the tops and bottoms of their heads and across their backs," but later he found Ludmila, who was not square, and the Countess Maria Alexeievna, who was radiant, and Marion, who was "still," and Elise, who was humble and devoted. He is tortured by his inability to love Marion. "Sometimes I think that if she did not put her hand to the pins in her hair, with a trick of gesture that is hers, I should dislike her less."

* Edited by Dolores M. Bacon. Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1904.

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August 15, 19—.

"I secreted Marion's shell pin; it was to no purpose. She abstractedly fingers the little tin pins in her hair as if the shell pin were present."

August 16, 19—.

"Marion has purchased a new shell pin. Oh God!"

There is the same petulance in larger matters. He writes of London—

"It is not alone the lack of something to eat, but the place, and the English get upon one's nerves. I wonder what impression music conveys to them when they think that they like it? If I were drowning I should expect to be saved if an Englishman were at hand; but I had rather be permitted to die enthusiastically by my own kind. The English have no folk-songs that I know of. A country without folk-songs is an abandoned country. This country's memories are recorded good and hard, in solid rock or bronze, or in something else as imperishable. There is nothing elastic about their souls or their history,—consequently nothing picturesque. They have crossed all their emotional T's, and have dotted their devotional I's, and an Englishman is a sadly happy man—full to the top with a lugubrious joy—and he likes to unveil monuments despondently."

London, May 29, 19—.

"What is a man to do in this London?"

But this is far more objective than most of X.'s entries. Not only does his character appear in them, but his entire nervous system. The "Diary" does what most actual diaries fail to do—writes down a man in full. It is an entertaining study in naïveté and nerves, art pains and genius-consciousness.

F. M. Colby.

II.

A GERMAN VIEW OF AMERICAN LIFE.

THE last work which Wilhelm von Polenz (deceased December, 1903) gave to his German countrymen was a most sympathetic account of his impressions of American life gathered during a sojourn of six months in this country. Polenz is favourably known in Germany as a novelist. Two of his novels, *Der Pfarrer von Breitendorf* and *Der Büttnerbauer*, entitle him to a high rank among the lesser novelists of his country. Unfortunately, the curse of theorising lay on him, too—a curse that even prominent poets of modern Germany have not escaped. Polenz began his novelistic career with a theory. The substance of this theory was so natural and sane that the wonder is it should ever have been formulated as a theory. "Heimat-Kunst" as a genre of art which springs from intimate association of the artist with his human and natural environment, we all know and appreciate. Such art may be narrowly provincial, it may be widely human. It may depict provincial life in its isolation, it may also depict provincial life as a microcosm in which all the forces of the social macrocosm are at play. The larger possibilities of "Heimat-Kunst"—which poets of the first order will realise and have realised without much theorising—have in Germany in years past been the fruitless cause of much theorising. The reason for this was not and is not—as one might conclude—the absence of poetic talent of the first order, but the presence of certain conditions in the national life of Germany that produced isolated instead of related types throughout the Empire. "Heimat-Kunst" has, therefore, always suggested a problem to German poets from the early days of the nineteenth century down to the present. Indeed, the very term "Heimat-Kunst" now signifies a theory of art. As such it insists that the artist shall confine himself to forms of experience which are most immediate and intimate, even though he may intend to represent general truths of human life, and that these forms shall be those in the midst of which he has developed his personality. The nation shall mirror itself in the province, the world in the nation. With this theory Polenz entered on his literary career. And it may be said that he closed his literary work by giving us the record of those impressions which he hoped would assist him to put his theory into better practice. For if we mistake not, Polenz visited America and studied American life and landscape, that he might apprehend more distinctly the potential significance of German life and landscape.

Opinions may differ as to the exact influence for good or evil which the theory of "Heimat-Kunst" exerted on the novels of Polenz. There can be no two opinions

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regarding the influence it had on his last work, *Das Land der Zukunft* (The Land of the Future). The book was evidently written as a protest against L. M. Goldberger's amateurishly scientific study of economic conditions in the United States, which was published a year ago with the title *Das Land der unbegrenzten Möglichkeiten* (The Land of Unlimited Possibilities). Polenz makes no pretense of scientific observation or scholarship. He observes and studies conditions in this country as a poet might and reproduces an ensemble of these observations and of his personal impressions that deserves wide recognition among the people of whom he writes.

As a historical critic of American development, Polenz is nearly always at fault. One instance of the use to which he puts history may serve as a typical example. From the fact that the South was settled by the "cavaliers" of England, the Northeast by English "commoners," Polenz argues that the South has always been aristocratic, the North democratic. Had he observed the life of our Southern States with as little historical bias and therefore as closely as that of the North and West, he would have arrived at an entirely different conclusion. For wherever Polenz relates personal observations and condenses these into conclusions, he is singularly broad-minded and just. He believes that America has something to teach Germans and would ascertain what. The magnificent scale of our life is fully appreciated, but its drawbacks are not overlooked. Often some phase of American life seems a drawback to Polenz which we regard as a good omen for the future, and as often he has words of approval where we have words only of regret. A few interesting opinions of this kind may serve to show how far we have to deal with a German writer and moreover with a writer who is using his observations as a means of understanding his own countrymen better.

On page 275 ff., Polenz discusses what he terms the mediocrity (*Mittelmass*) of American life. According to Polenz, our great men differ from the great men of Germany in that they are not original. They are not urged on by an inner impulse, by the genius of personal volition. Polenz calls them leaders who are led. For he thinks they realise only ideas that "are in the air." Compared with the great men of Germany they appear to him dwarfed, since they do not develop out of their own individuality, but only out of the individuality of the nation. Surely if this criticism be true—and we could wish nothing better than that it were—we might indeed be proud of our country and proud of its leaders. We even hold that it had been better for Germany and better for German art if the same criticism had always held true of the great men of that country. Polenz stands upon the Old World ethics, of which Carlyle gave us the best summary and the most philosophical defense in his *Heroes and Hero Worship*. Many of us could find no greater cause for rejoicing than to be able to subscribe to Polenz's accusation that our leaders are virtually representative men as Emerson defined that term.

Or to take another example. On page 266 ff., Polenz speaks with enthusiasm of the popular desire for knowledge which prevails throughout the United States. Every genuine American, he tells us, has one great and noble passion, the passion to progress. The most characteristic expression of this passion he finds in the highly developed *Lerntrieb* of our youth. This desire for learning is, however, not directed toward the acquisition of theoretical knowledge. It strives for control over matter, for ability to do, for power to act and act efficiently. We Americans, if Polenz is to be believed, strain every nerve to acquire culture and refinement because culture and refinement are for us only synonyms for efficient, well-directed power. We have a more wholesome view of culture than the Germans, if not also a more noble view. American culture brings alertness and buoyant cheer. It makes impossible the "dreaminess" and "world weariness" which too often paralyse the energies of the youth of Germany. Here again one cannot help feeling that Polenz has been biased--though favourably biased--by the contrast between things German and things American. At any rate, some of us cannot but fear that the desire for power (*der Wille zur Macht*), which Polenz lauds as the source of our activity, is not an unqualified blessing.

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But instances of this kind hardly detract from the value of the book and certainly add to its interest. The tremendous waste in political and economic life, the equally great recuperative power of national moral fibre and national common sense, are well analysed throughout the book in their various manifestations. Polenz regards America as the land of contrasts, but of contrasts that give birth to new ideals, new forms, new agencies for good. Life is here in the making. Processes that the Old World hides beneath the surface lie bare to the naked eye. No country in the world shows a more repellent form of jingoism, no country a more reliable patriotism. In no country are social distinctions more sordid, in no country is the spirit of democratic freedom more effective and sincere. In no country does immorality plume itself so unblushingly, in no country is the populace more truly moral. In no country does the home seem to count for so little, in no country has a higher ideal of family life been realised. In no country are fads more welcome, in no country is the winnowing of the wheat and the chaff more sure to follow. These are a few of the paradoxes of American life that the author of this remarkable book has noted. It may be said that the whole book establishes as the law of progress in America the winning of ever new harmony out of ever new contrasts. Indeed, it is with this law in mind that Polenz chose the title, "The Land of the Future." America is not to his mind the Promised Land, the Mecca of future generations. It is the land in which men live less for the immediate present than they do for the future, the land where all that is has its greatest value because we Americans regard and treat it as the germ of what is to be. We live in the present and act for the future. The progressive German lives in his dreams of the future and by virtue of his idealism seeks to act for the present. If Polenz believes that the Germans may learn something from his account of American ways, it is equally true that Americans may profit by the same account. A touch of American realism can help Germany no more than a touch of German idealism can assist us to better things. *John Firman Coar.*

III.

THE DOUBLE GARDEN.*

IN the double garden of Human Wisdom and Human Ignorance, the Belgian mystic searches with peering eyes among the secrets of existence and ponders the mystery of life—that wellnigh hopeless struggle of the feeble reason with unknown nature. To the strange forces that circumscribe our life and destiny he is extremely sensitive; in the commonest of daily experiences he feels them at work. Nature's plan is still unintelligible. Human power and reason are constantly baffled and cruelly defeated by the mystery of the universe. The essential tragedy of man is "the universal and perpetual drama enacted between his feeble will and the enormous unknown force that encompasses him, between the little flame of his mind and soul, that inexplicable phenomenon of nature and vast matter, that other equally inexplicable phenomenon of the same nature." The supreme questions of life, in spite of thousands of years of experience, he still puts to luck and chance as the duel decides right and wrong. Against all this there is one hope held out—the progress of the human reason.

The sixteen essays that make up this volume easily divide themselves into two classes: six or seven are "nature studies"; most of the others deal with the author's conception of the mystery of existence—the will and laws of nature conquering man's finest moral forces—wishes, love, pity, prayer—and the feeble efforts of the human reason to overcome this will and these laws.

The first category includes essays on "Field Flowers;" "Chrysanthemums;" an interesting and valuable appendix to *The Life of the Bee;* a wonderfully subtle study, "Our Friend the Dog;" and another, very sympathetic and masculine, of feminine nature, "The Portrait of a Lady."

In the second class of essays we note the gradual awakening of an optimism that is still feeble and uncertain. An account of the gambling at Monte Carlo,

* The Double Garden, by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York, Dodd, Mead and Company, 1904.

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and an essay on duelling paint a picture, gloomy indeed, of man at the mercy of the unseen forces of the universe, which condition is a heritage of the theological systems which he in his groping ignorance has from time to time devised. But the grave illness of Edward VII. on the eve of the coronation affords a more hopeful theme. The king recovered to realise his ambition, and herein lay a true victory over the "incomprehensible actions of unseen forces." The princes of science "do not ask if it be God, Destiny, Chance, Justice, that comes to obstruct the road of the victim whom they raise." Human reason won the fight, and although it was but a small triumph over the will of nature which, if undisturbed, would have ended the king's days, it was a decisive one. The hidden idea of the universe (God, Chance, Justice, or whatever we may choose to call it) was baffled. Man lost one illusion and gained a certainty; he has gone a step further towards emerging from the murky cloud raised by his own ignorance.

"The Foretelling of the Future" is a psychological study of great popular interest. M. Maeterlinck undertook to find out all that he could on the subject of fortune telling and its kindred arts. He made his investigations among the astrologers, palmists, clairvoyants, prophetesses, mediums, and such ilk of Paris. The results were not sufficient "to decide whether it be given to man to rend the tissue of illusion that hides the future from him." The best we can do or even hope for is to accept a deterministic view; "already our reason is able to foresee a portion of our future, if not with the material evidence that we dream of, at least with a moral certainty that is often satisfying." There is, however, some interesting light thrown on the subliminal consciousness which appears to be the common property of all whom special circumstances permit to pry into it. The seer who locates a lost object, or recalls a past event in my life has simply the ability which I do not possess to get this information from my inner consciousness, whither my own waking consciousness has once transferred the knowledge or experience.

The author speaks of the consciousness as not being water tight, "it escapes and does not belong to us." The "Inner or Unconscious Life" may therefore prove to be a purely external one in constant communication with the waking consciousness—a life joined in close unity to every other unconscious one. How it would simplify the problems of the soul if we should discover that it is entirely external to the body—a part of one vast Soul, an entity upon which every living creature leaves its impress; the consciousness, a sort of wireless telephone transferring the results of every act, thought and deed to where they exist, and mould a self correlative to our physical self. We die—the instrument is broken and laid away—the external self continues its existence and we enter into it free from the harrowing limitations of the human intellect, and in the closest of bonds with every other soul. Then, indeed, as M. Maeterlinck expresses it, would this life be an existence in "a spiritual market place in which the majorty of those who have business there come and go at will . . . . in a very different fashion and much more freely than we would have believed."

A fitting termination to the volume is "The Leaf of Olive," in which the author sums up his own peculiar sense of the world. It is his most mature contribution to this subject; nowhere else in his writings does he seem to have expressed himself so fully and clearly.

In the great religious period from which we are just beginning to emerge, mankind took a dark, pessimistic view of human existence. The great function of religion has been to reduce the virulence and obviate as far as possible the fatal consequences of "the horrible and monstrous morality of nature"—the adaptation of species to the environment, the triumph of the strongest, etc. But the antidotal elements are gradually being eliminated and in proportion as they disappear the purely human antidotes—goodness, pity, the sense of justice—gain in vigour and occupy the place abandoned by the evaporative forces.

Within this space must also be included the grand conception of the unity of nature, which though slowly taking shape is still formless and hazy, but the fact of its homogeneity seems to be assured, and only a flash of light is needed to illu-

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minate the night of our intelligence, "a spark issuing from we know not what science will be enough to light it and to give an infallible and exact sense to our immense presentments."

In the moral field there is in the world to-day, as a result of the working of the human reason, a little more sympathy, justice, solidarity and hope, not only in the wishes of men but in their deeds; the sum of goodness is increased and the quality of the general conscience is improved.

Such up to now are the main results of the questioning of destiny and not its blind obedience. If the decay of theology has brought no other boon to mankind, it has enabled it to change its attitude towards the unknown. This is no longer one of fear but of boldness.

And what of the future? There are good reasons for hope. "Let us cherish them. Our predecessors were sustained by slighter reasons when they did the great things that have remained for us the best evidence of the destinies of mankind. They had confidence where they found none but unreasonable reasons for having it. To-day when some of those reasons really spring from reason, it would be wrong to show less courage than did those who derived theirs from the very circumstances whence we derive only our discouragements."

M. Maeterlinck has been fortunate in his translators. To Mr. Sutro and Mr. De Mattos, the work of both of whom appears in this volume, the labour has clearly been one of love, to which in addition they have brought complete sympathy with and understanding of their author. *George H. Casamajor.*

IV.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S THE CROSSING.*

AS a constructer of novels, Mr. Winston Churchill augments with each new book his reputation for orderliness, respectability and dignity. He is producing a work of so many pages, containing so many words each, once every two years, and one cannot read that work without taking away a very vivid impression of the author's varied virtues. One sees that he is industrious, methodical, painstaking, conscientious—that he possesses a very shrewd sense of the value of data that are properly pigeon-holed, and that through sheer perseverance he has mastered the mechanism of every one of the stock tricks and contrivances of novel building. One realises that when he begins work of a morning his nibs are new and his ink of the proper shade and that consequently he is thoroughly sure of himself, of what he writes, and of the effect it will have upon his readers. By no effort of the imagination can one picture him at his table other than calm, imperturbable, self-possessed. We should no more suspect him of impatience and irritability over the lost word or the phrase that will not come than we should of tearing his hair or rolling over the floor in frensy. Every page that he writes, whether it treats of the prattle of lovers or the belch and blare of cannon, seems to have been wrought with the same, unchanging, well bred sedateness. In short, when we think of him, the atelier of fiction, over which so many have been ironically sceptical, seems to take tangible form. But no mere atelier would suffice. Let it be a college, a university, with Mr. Winston Churchill as proctor, president, faculty and board of trustees.

The Crossing is a well-planned, well-constructed, well-written novel of six hundred pages—excellent and tiresome. In it Mr. Churchill attempted to express "the beginnings of that great movement across the mountains which swept resistless over the Continent until at last it saw the Pacific itself." The book ends with the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon Bonaparte, although, as the author tells in an "Afterword," the original plan had been to bring it down through the stirring period which ended, by a chance, when a steamboat brought supplies to Jackson's army in New Orleans—the beginning of the era of steam commerce on the western waters. That dramatic episode, Mr. Churchill hints, is to be incorporated in a later work. Without it *The Crossing* is rich enough in historic material and personages. It describes the battle between Moultrie and the British fleet in the harbour of Charlestown, the blazing through

* *The Crossing.* By Winston Churchill. New York, The Macmillan Co.

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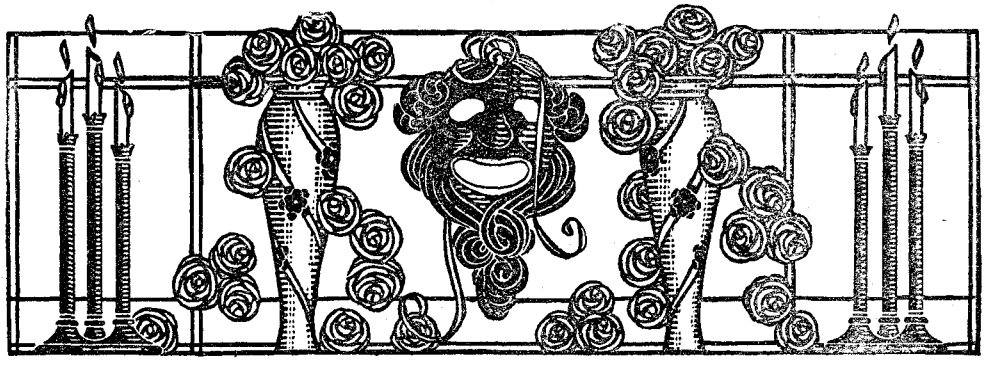
the Kentucky wilderness, the expedition of George Rogers Clark and his handful of dauntless followers into Illinois, the beginnings of civilisation along the Ohio and the Mississippi, and the treasonable schemes builded against Washington and the Federal government by the dissatisfied politicians of the frontier. In the course of the narrative the reader is brought face to face with all the historical characters of the land and period —Daniel Boone, Clark, Andrew Jackson, General Wilkinson—some of whom come into the tale naturally and as a matter of course, whereas others are introduced on the flimsiest of pretexts. Mr. Churchill's methods on occasions like these are precisely the methods he used for similar purposes in *Richard Carvel* and *The Crisis*.

There is one portion of *The Crossing*, however, which stands out strikingly as the best piece of work that Mr. Churchill has ever done. That is the first third of the book, which he has called "The Borderland," and which with very good results might be detached from the novel and read as a separate story. In the remaining two-thirds the author succeeds only in spoiling certain effects that he attains here. To "The Borderland" belong all the vigorous chapters telling of the heroic struggle of Clark and his men in their battle with the Indians and the wilderness. It is the excellence of this part of the tale that stirs the reader to exasperation over the interminable chapters toward the end. It is the reader's liking for the shrewd, brave little Scotch-American boy who drums new life and purpose into the spirits of the exhausted frontiersmen beating their way through tangled forests and swimming icy waters that arouses in him a certain resentment against the prosy, priggish David Ritchie of later years. It is the shadowy suggestion of the tragedy that is being played out at Temple Bow that makes the later affairs of Mrs. Temple and Harry Riddle disappointing and inartistic. "The Borderland" proves that Mr. Winston Churchill is a very good workman; the other two-thirds of the book prove that he has not yet learned when and where to stop. *Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*



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A CLEVER MAN

THE clever people are forever analysing us ordinary folk, jeering at us or summing us up. We differ from one another in minor points such as teeth or the soul or length of leg, but to the clever people we are all one solid lump which they call variously Mankind, the Present Generation, the Average Man, the Reading Public, or Other People. To the clever people humanity is merely an unpleasant and very stupid mass in which you and I are imbedded. They stand outside and scold it. It is this exclusiveness that marks them so distinctly off from geniuses. There is always *something* a little common about a genius, which is the reason why such a big and vulgar world can sometimes feel at ease with him. But with the clever people you can never feel at ease. They do not wish you to. In proof of which I would cite Mr. Bernard Shaw, especially in his last book *Man and Superman*,* which in point of sheer cleverness goes further than anything that he has hitherto published. In fact it goes about as far as that hard and shining quality could take anyone. No better concrete instance could be found of cleverness, and there is a large number of clever people who can be safely graded in proportion as they approach the Shaw degree as manifested in this book.

Nothing is more delightful in Mr. Shaw's writings than his profession of a purpose. With most clever people it is impossible to associate any other purpose than the starting of little thrills along the spines of their beholders. But Mr. Shaw for example complains of those who "raise the fool's cry of paradox whenever he takes hold of a stick by the right instead of the wrong end," or who admire his style without giving a thought to his meaning. "No doubt that literary knack of mine which happens to amuse the British public distracts attention from my character; but the character is there none the less, solid as bricks." And though ready to die for principles, which ought to shake society to its centre, he finds all the "force of his onslaught destroyed by a simple policy of non-resistance."

"In vain do I redouble the violence of the language in which I proclaim my heterodoxies. I rail at the theistic credulity of Voltaire, the amoristic superstition of Shelley, the revival of tribal soothsayings and idolatrous rites which Huxley called Science and mistook for an advance on the Pentateuch, no less than at the welter of ecclesiastical and professional humbug which saves the face of the stupid system of violence and robbery which we call Law and Industry. Even atheists reproach me with infidelity and anarchists with nihilism because I cannot endure their moral tirades. And yet, instead of exclaiming, 'Send this inconceivable Satanist to the stake,' the respectable newspapers pith me by announcing 'another book by this brilliant and thoughtful writer.' And the ordinary citizen, knowing that an author who is well spoken of by a respectable paper must be all right, reads me as he reads Micah, with undisturbed edification from his own point of view. It is narrated that in the eighteen seventies an old lady, a very devout Methodist, moved from Colchester to a house in the neighborhood of the City Road in London, where, mistaking the Hall of Science for a chapel, she sat at the feet of Charles Bradlaugh for many years entranced by his eloquence without questioning his orthodoxy or moulting a feather of her faith. I fear I shall be defrauded of my just martyrdom in the same way."

His purpose in *Man and Superman* is to show that "marriage is the most licentious of human institutions," that "a woman seeking a husband is the most unscrupulous of all beasts of prey," that woman's pursuit of man is as incessant as it is brutal, that the bearing of illegitimate children is in every way desirable, that conventional morality is abominable, that civilisation is founded on man's "cowardice, on his abject tameness which he calls his respectability." The hero of the play defies marriage and thunders against it on every page, but no one in the play can quite think that he means it (just as no one outside the play can quite believe in Mr. Shaw's apostleship) and the woman who pursues, catches him and

**Man and Superman.* Brentano's, New York, 1904.

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marries him. While the eloquence of the book is concentrated mainly on these points there are vigourous little side-thrusts at gentility, private property, medicine, modern science, sanitation, the illusion that the world has improved since the time of the Chaldees, vivisection, the eating of meat, democracy, armies, the national state, patriotism, and civilisation in its present form or in any shape dreamed of by Utopians. Finally there are the Maxims of a Revolutionist:

Do not do unto others as you would they should do unto you.

* * * * *

When a man teaches something he does not know to somebody else who has no aptitude for it, and gives him a certificate of proficiency, the latter has completed the education of a gentleman.

* * * * *

The vilest abortionist is he who attempts to mould a child's character.

* * * * *

If you strike a child, take care that you strike it in anger. A blow in cold blood neither can nor should be forgiven.

* * * * *

Self-denial is not a virtue; it is only the effect of prudence on rascality.

Mr. Shaw tells us that all this proceeds from a sincere desire to improve the world. "My conscience," he says, "is the genuine pulpit article; it annoys me to see people comfortable when they ought to be uncomfortable; and I insist on making them think in order to bring them to conviction of sin." It is the last deception of cleverness, this humbug about improving people whom you wish only to tickle or stir up. A clever man attacks conventions not because they are wrong, but because they are conventions. A group of fat Philistines eating veal, and Mr. Shaw springs on the table and shouts "Calf murderers!" If they were eating vegetables alone, Mr. Shaw's heart would soon be bleeding for the mashed potato. Shine and be damned, is the involuntary remarks of clever people to their souls. Not that this awful thing ever happens. The clever man's soul is too Protean an affair to be judged seriously and too pretty a trinket to be wastefully consumed in hell-fire.

Which does not imply that clever people do not tell the truth. They always do—a part of it—but they do it in such a way that you say to yourself, What on earth have they done with all the rest of it? They neglect everything else for the piquant sport of rebutting platitudes. They burn with the thirst of little heresies and are never seekers after truth, but only fugitives from commonplace. The fanatic admits no exceptions, because he is not aware of them, but a brilliant writer will not let them in because they would spoil his sentences. This, perhaps, is the reason why we Philistines say on reading Mr. Shaw, What a charming person! and not as he would have us say, Shaw is my shepherd. After all it is better for him as well as for us. If adherents gathered he would change his faith, suspecting himself of platitude. The clever people do not really wish to lead; they only hate to walk abreast with Other People.

F. M. Colby.

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WOMAN'S HUMOUR

I.

IS woman's humour so very different from man's? For, in spite of all masculine verdict to the contrary, woman knows that she is a humourist in her own right. "She has a little humour, whereas most women have none," writes Charles Reade, in a lately published letter on George Eliot. Yet we need no further proof of the humourous woman than Jane Austen, more perfect comedian than any writer of English prose, man or woman. Her prose, her good-natured, clear-seeing, kindly-amused detachment have no equal on the temperamental side among all the humourists of English fiction. George Eliot is not so sure an argument, perhaps; and if humour is not only the gift of seeing other people as they fail to see themselves, but the still more amiable faculty of seeing ourselves as others see us—Charlotte Brontë can scarce be numbered among the elect. We can easily imagine how Miss Brontë did not console herself for that awful evening when Thackeray ran away from the very dinner-party that he had given in her honour, and left the lioness, who was responsible for all the gloom of the occasion, conversing in whispers with the governess on the sofa. Of course we know how Thackeray would probably have appreciated the laugh on himself in a similar case. But I am afraid that when the author of *Jane Eyre* went home from the party with her headache, she consoled herself with some rather severe reflections on the emptiness of so-called "society" and her disappointment in the great Thackeray himself as a man. But why make so much of poor Charlotte Brontë? True, she was a woman, but then Shelley was a man. And there is nothing recorded of woman's lack of humour to equal the unabashed seriousness of his proposal to Harriet to join him and Mary on their honeymoon tour.

When we pass from English to American letters, our women-writers have been, almost without exception, humourists. Even Harriet Beecher Stowe who was a reformer and so, according to all precedent, should have been conspicuously lacking in a sense of humour—was highly amused by the objects of her philanthropic enthusiasm. The negroes of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are not only epical figures, the victims of oppression, and all that (can we not imagine how Victor Hugo would have drawn them?); but Dinahs and Topsys—droll, incorrigible beings that they really are. Then there is—to quote living authors—Mary Wilkins, with perhaps the most dramatic gift of humour that we have at present in our literature. There is scarcely one of those situations on which her short stories turn which is not conceived as deeply in humour as in tragedy. This is the true creative gift, where humour is not merely the smile on the surface, but part of the vision of the mind. Why mention Sarah Orne Jewett or even the author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch?* All are humourists, writers of a feminine keenness of perception but with the saving sanity that humour implies.

II.

Perhaps men have suffered so much from women's lack of humour that they have given up hoping for the humourous woman altogether. I can imagine times when a woman seems to them like some embodiment of the Stern Daughter of the Voice of Gods without the strict impartiality and acquaintance with life which make that lady's mandate respected. No doubt at such times they wish that she would not take her ideals—man being included among them—so seriously. For while a man rarely finds a woman too sentimental in her admiration of himself and his achievements, he frequently finds her too sentimental in her disapprobation of him. But I have a suspicion that men are really indulging a secret vanity of their own towards woman, when they maintain their humourous superiority to her. Perhaps they do not want to meet the humourous woman after all. Who knows? True humour has usually something of intellectual character in it, and the intellectual woman is an acquired taste with man. He does not care to feel the critic in her relation to him, and

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how separate the critic from the humourous woman? At any rate the larger part —who have men for their authors—are wondrously innocent of humour. Take Thackeray's humourous women—they are of the really moving heroines of fiction, not certainly the women whom he loves; but Becky Sharp, or Beatrix Esmond in her old age, when she has outlived the love of men for their comradeship. I should say that the humour of Thackeray's women is a worldly quality in them which the better man resents. It is the same with Hawthorne—although Hawthorne is nearly as modern as Mr. Meredith himself in his plea for the equality of the sexes. Zenobia's humour is touched with cynicism and worldly wisdom and is exercised for the discomfiture of man; and it is Priscilla, the dupe of Hollingsworth's egotism and the sport of Zenobia's quick art, whom all the men fall in love with at last. Then there are Browning's heroines, and Hardy's heroines, and such of Mr. Howell's heroines as have really turned the head of their author (and these are all men modern in their kind) —but the ladies of their heart have no disconcerting humour to spoil the romance, or possibly the author's own sense of humourous superiority to them.

Shall we go on to say that when a man has admitted humour in a woman, it is a sort of confession of her intellectual comradeship with him? I believe that is what Mr. Meredith makes it; and surely humour lurks in the beautiful self-poised intelligence of many of his heroines, although it is often a gift which we assume from the character, rather than receive through the unquestionable evidence of the heroine's conversation. It is the middle-aged ladies after all, and not the young ladies, who talk well in Meredith. Shakespeare is certainly a great exception in that long list of authors who have naught but a paternal sentiment for the ladies of their affection. He has allowed his women more of his hidden intellectual personality, perhaps, than any author that ever lived; and Rosalind, who is yet shaped to stir the deepest passion of men, is the very genius of the play which is the soul of humour —Shakespeare's humour, that subtle, double-vision of life which haunts the imaginative.

III.

But woman is sometimes not so much the humourous comrade of men as a humourist in her own right, with a feminine wisdom of life in which man himself can hardly share; and perhaps no one has done more justice to this fact than the author of *Margaret Ogilvy*. Undoubtedly the sort of woman that Mr. Barrie loves best is not made in the image of man intellectually or otherwise; but this, Mr. Barrie would have us know, is her delicious advantage over man himself. True, there is much in woman that is food for the humour of man. "Aince a woman sets her mind on something to wear, she's mair onreasonable than the stupidest man. Ay, it micht mak them humble to see how foolish they are syne. No, but it doesna do't." Jess's vanity about clothes and the innocent arts of the most artless of women; Mrs. March's nerves; or the inconsequence of any one of Mr. Hardy's or Mr. Howell's heroines are such as to move all masculine persons to pat these charming heroines on the head—out of sheer love for their absurdity. But women, too, have their little laugh at the extraordinary childishness of men. "She is not interested in what Mr. Gladstone has to say," writes Mr. Barrie of his mother; "indeed, she could never be brought to look upon politics as of serious concern for grown folk (a class in which she scarcely included man), and she gratefully gave up reading leaders the day I ceased to write them. But like want of reasonableness, a love for having the last word, want of humour and the like, politics were in her opinion a mannish attribute to be tolerated and Gladstone was the name of the something which makes all our sex such queer characters. She had a profound faith in him as an aid to conversation, and if there were silent men in the company, would give him to them to talk about precisely as she divided a cake among children." "He is much more like a spoiled baby than other men," writes Mrs. Carlyle of her illustrious husband. "I tried him alone for a few days when I was afraid of falling seriously ill unless I had a change of air. . . . But the letter that came from him every morning was like the letter of a Babe in

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the Wood, who would be found buried with dead leaves by the robins if I didn't look to it."

So, if man looks at woman paternally, she in her turn looks at him maternally; and was there ever woman who did not secretly exult in his helplessness? How much sly humour must support the wives of men of genius, from Jane Carlyle to the Countess Tolstoy, for the great airs, intellectual and otherwise, which their husbands give themselves! No doubt the Countess Tolstoy is very tolerant of the Count's prophetic pretensions—in which he feels so much her superior—when by a little womanish management, she contrives to let him indulge them with perfect safety to himself. And men? Perhaps they do not always mind the maternal playfulness which is the form of humour that love takes. The best of them like to be children now and then at night.

IV.

The sense of woman as a born idealist (and, after all, man would have the woman an idealist) interferes, perhaps, with our sense of woman as a humourist. Yet what serves the ideal better than humour? When we read Jane Carlyle's clever but caustic comment on her contemporaries, we are tempted to wish for a woman with duller perceptions for the follies of her kind; a little sentimental kindness then seems a very precious thing in woman. But humour is not all of one sort. Man's pessimism and his romantic disappointments in life are often served by his humour, as Swift and Heine and Hardy—in fact all the savage satirists, and sentimental cynics and sad skeptics of the world go to prove. But though I have known women in life with something of man's talent for irony, the ironical woman, it seems to me, is not so much the creature of her sex as the humourous woman of another description.

One recalls Rosalind again, and the way that almost every utterance of hers is in that vein of irony which runs through the play, and gives us Jacques, and foreshadows the bitter jesting of Hamlet. Yet, though Rosalind's quick wit beholds all the incongruities of love—nature's sport with mortals—and applies the humour of the spectacle to her own malady of love, one never feels that her heart is touched by her own skepticism. Perhaps she can afford to laugh at the romantic absurdity of Orlando because his very extravagance is food for her heart; and to burlesque man's ideal of woman's fickleness, knowing in her soul what woman's constancy may be. She walks through the play, gaily uttering the sentiments of the most cynical dwellers in Arden, but in fact so ruling their destinies that she refutes them all. If Rosalind's faith in Orlando had been betrayed, do not suppose that she would have gone on jesting like Jacques or Hamlet. She might have sat "like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief"; but the smile would sooner or later have died away in heart-break.

It seems to me that woman's humour serves her faith better than her unbelief. It is a delicate way she has of facing the tragic facts of the world when otherwise she would be brutalized or broken by them. Often humour is the reaction of a sensitive spirit from its pain. It is man's feint of indifference for what is inevitable. But there is a woman's humour which refuses to accept the inevitable; we may find it in some of our own women writers who are humourists, and yet at the same time so very much idealists. Humour seems to me one expression of their tenderness; of their patience with life; their expectation that the tragedy is not so very tragic after all, their settled conviction that all the sin of the world is only a kind of childishness that can best be condoned smilingly. There are women who have the biting gift for satire—Jane Carlyle had it, but she was an unhappy woman. George Eliot had it at times; and there are sharp-tongued and clever-witted women always with us. But I suppose we should say that the humour which has in it most of the spiritual secret of sex is not theirs. It is to be found rather in the pages of Mrs. Gaskell, in the stories of our own New England writers, and in the company of brave and motherly women the world over.

Edith Baker Brown.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

William Hickling Prescott. By Rollo Ogden. American Men of Letters Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

When Mr. Sidney Lee was in this country last year, he remarked to the present writer that Prescott still remains among the American authors who are most read and admired in England. Indeed, it is but a very short time since a very elaborate edition of his complete works was published in this country with new introductions and annotations. There can be no doubt that his popularity in the United States is no less great and no less enduring; and therefore the appearance of this new biography will doubtless be welcomed everywhere.

Mr. Ogden remarks in his preface that he has not attempted to supplant the standard *Life* by Prescott's old friend Ticknor which first appeared just forty years ago, but rather to supplement it. He is able to do this because he has had access to material which was either unknown to Ticknor or was cast aside by him as not comporting with his rather old-fashioned views of the dignity of formal memoir-writing. The value of this material lies in the fact that it gives us a somewhat better understanding of Prescott's *vie intime,* of his playfulness and native humour, and lets us see him as he appeared to his familiar friends. Abundant extracts from his letters and journals are given, all of them interesting, though none of them of much significance; for, after all, they do not materially alter the conception of Prescott which we derive from Ticknor, to whom Mr. Ogden is obviously more indebted than he seems willing to admit. "His work has been drawn upon occasionally," says the preface; but this scarcely gives the true measure of Mr. Ogden's obligation. There is nothing of the least importance in this book which can not be found more fully given by Ticknor.

It is a disappointment to find that there is nothing new in the nature of a critical estimate of Prescott's literary work, of his style and his final phase as an historian. The time has come for such an estimate, and Mr. Ogden's special knowledge of Spanish literature and of Mexico in particular would have given value to whatever he might have seen fit to write upon this theme. But he consciously shies away from such an undertaking, and seems to think that it would be either superfluous or impertinent. Such will not be the opinion of many of his readers who would like to know just how the most scientific of recent historians regard the work of Prescott —whether as romantic history, or historical romance, or as embodying results of lasting value apart from its purely literary charm. But Mr. Ogden puts us off with a brief quotation from Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, and then goes on with his somewhat scrappy excerpts from diaries and letters. As the book stands, therefore, it is a convenient summary of Ticknor, enlivened and modernized by a skilful writer. *Harry Thurston Peck.*

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

New York.

Appleton and Company:

The Book of School and College Sports. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

A compilation which is very much better edited than are most compilations. Mr. Barbour is exceptionally well qualified for the task and in Mr. Ralph D. Paine, who contributes the chapters on American foot-ball, he has an associate who is second to none in writing brilliantly and entertainingly of undergraduate sport.

A Story of the Red Cross. By Clara Barton.

Miss Barton, who was the founder of the American National Red Cross, and who has been its president since 1881, tells in a simple and direct manner of the field work of the society through the many calamaties which have befallen the American people. A photograph of Miss Barton, taken in St. Petersburg, July, 1902, used as a frontispiece, shows the decorations conferred upon her by the Czar and the Empress Dowager.

As a Chinaman Saw Us.

These letters were written by an educated Chinaman who spent some years in America to a friend in China. In a preface to the letters, Mr. Henry Pearson Gratton says: "In the unbosoming of this cultivated 'heathen' we see our fads and foibles held up as strange gods, and must confess some of them to be grotesque when seen in this yellow light."

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Appleton:

My Li'l' Angelo. By Anna Yeaman Condict.

A delightful story of a little boy whose Italian father is dead and whose French mother, dying by the wayside, leaves her child in the home of a hard-hearted country woman. This woman's regeneration comes through the loving pranks of the child, and mother-love for him and for her own two children is born within her.

North America. By Israel C. Russell.

A condensed and readable account of the principal facts concerning the North American continent.

The Mother of Pauline. By L. Parry Truscott.

The author of this English novel, whose name is a new one in this country, has chosen an interesting theme, and one in which a master of psychological analysis would revel. It is the sort of plot that cannot be touched upon in a few words. The book will, however, be reviewed in a forthcoming number of THE BOOKMAN. It is published in England under the title "Motherhood."

Buckles and Company:

Brakespeare, or The Romance of a Free Lance. By George A. Lawrence.

A novel which was published in London about 1868. The publishers in a prefatory note remark upon the similarity of plot and incident between this book and several recent works of fiction. They have, therefore, thought it well to bestow honour where it is due by bringing Brakespeare out in its original form.

Crecy. By Edith Lawrence.

A story in the form of letters written in Revolutionary days. Lucretia Culpeper, "Crecy," is a Princeton maiden, and her letters are written to Peace Darrach, of Trenton, who lived in a Quaker homestead and answered "Crecy's" confidences quite regularly. These letters are supposed to have been found by the author.

Case (Nelson):

Constitutional History of the United States. By Nelson Case.

A medium-sized volume in which the author gives the essential historical facts which he considers necessary to gain a clear and comprehensive view of our national constitution as it exists at the present time.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Confession of a Club Woman. By Agnes Surbridge.

These confessions reveal the story of a girl who marries a Chicago grocer and begins life in a city tenement. Her husband rises in the financial world, and she grows socially ambitious. Club-life is the result and with it the struggle between club interests and domesticity. The book is dedicated to "That product of modern conditions wherein are commingled all the virtues and some of the faults of her sex—the average club woman."

Editor Publishing Company:

In the End. Being the Romance of Two Worlds. By Frederick Rogers, D.C.L.

A small book in which the author attempts to write a romance of this world and the next. One reviewer has gone so far as to say that Mr. Rogers's "conception is one that will meet with the approval of realists and rationalists, as well as of idealists."

Federal Book Company:

Katherine's Sheaves. By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.

Mrs. Sheldon is one of those who have come under the influence of Christian Science, and in her novel one may find the heroine an enthusiastic believer in and follower of Mary Baker Eddy.

Grafton Press:

Wings and No Eyes. By Philip Crutcher.

"A comedy of love," in which an erratic novelist and a book agent play the principal parts.

Harper Brothers:

The Adventures of Buffalo Bill. By Colonel W. F. Cody.

"Buffalo Bill," the small boy's hero, here writes of his actual adventures on the plains and fighting with real Indians. There are four chapters devoted to his "adventures," and six to his "life." This is an excellent way to advertise the Wild West Show.

The Givers. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

Short stories of New England life.

The Poems of a Child. By Julia Cooley.

The poems in this little book were written by Julia Cooley, between the ages of six and ten. Richard Le Gallienne, who has written the introduction, discovered this tiny poet in the summer of 1901 while he was visiting some friends in Connecticut. He describes her as "a simple,

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happy child, as childlike as child can be, even more so than little girls of eight are apt to be in America."

Holt and Company:

The Diary of a Musician. Edited by Dolores M. Bacon.

These confessions are supposed to be written by a genius, whose irresponsibility and artistic temperament may account for the eccentric entries one runs across at a casual glance. Reviewed elsewhere.

America, Asia, and the Pacific. By Wolf von Schierbrand, Ph.D.

A book written with especial reference to the Russo-Japanese War and its results, and which contains a number of maps. It is the author's contention that the Pacific during the present century will become what the Atlantic was during the eighteenth and nineteenth, and the Mediterranean during the twenty-five preceding centuries.

Daphne and Her Lad. By M. J. Lagen and Cally Ryland.

A volume of letters which pass between two newspaper writers, and which unfold a love story that has something of the tragic about it. The publishers say these letters were not originally intended for publication.

Dante and the English Poets from Chaucer to Tennyson. By Oscar Kuhns.

Professor Kuhns has for years been collecting the material for this work, part of which appeared some time ago in Modern Language Notes. He is Professor of Romance Languages in Wesleyan University, and author of The German and Swiss Settlements of Pennsylvania.

The Web of Indian Life. By the Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), of Ramakrishna-Vive-Kananda.

Miss Noble has for many years been a part of Hindu life in the city of Calcutta, and she writes sympathetically and understandingly of the Eastern woman. She also treats of the Caste system, "the synthesis of Indian thought."

Lane:

Land and Sea Pieces. By Arthur E. J. Legge.

Poems.

Leonard Scott Publication Company:

Pennsylvania: A Primer. By Barr Ferree.

A history and handbook of the State of Pennsylvania, which aims to present in a concise form the essential facts in that State's history, colonial and provincial. It is profusely illustrated and contains a frontispiece of William Penn.

Life Publishing Company:

In Merry Measure. By Tom Masson.

A little volume of society verse uniform with Rhymes and Roundelays and Taken from Life. The illustrations are by Life's special artists, Charles Dana Gibson and Allan Gilbert.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Lychgate Hall. By M. E. Francis.

A romance by the English author Mrs. Francis Blundell. The story appeared serially in the weekly edition of the London "Times."

Macmillan Company:

The Conqueror. By Gertrude Atherton.

Mrs. Atherton's romance of Alexander Hamilton and his time is here presented between paper covers, and belongs to the series of cheap editions of popular novels which the Macmillans are publishing at twenty-five cents each.

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill.

Another contribution to the series mentioned above.

Love Among the Ruins. By Warwick Deeping.

A romance of mediæval chivalry in England, by the author of "Uther and Igraine," who is being compared to Maurice Hewlett. A review appears elsewhere in the present number.

The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century. By Herbert L. Osgood, Ph.D. Volumes I. and II.

This work, by a professor of history in Columbia University, has a double purpose. It is intended to give an outline of the early development of English colonisation on its political and administrative side; at the same time it is a study of the origin of English-American political institutions. The two volumes herewith deal with the American side of the subject, while the third volume, not yet published, will discuss the British side of the problem.

Richard Gresham. By Robert M. Lovett.

A story of the New England conscience. Mr. Lovett, like Mr. Robert Herrick and James Weber Linn, belongs to the faculty of the University of Chicago.

Whistler as I Knew Him. By Mortimer Menpes.

Probably the most important work yet published on Whistler. The present vol-

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ume is a massive one, and elaborately illustrated with reproductions of Whistler's work. Some of the chapter headings are: "Whistler the Exaggerated," "Whistler the Painter," "Whistler the Etcher," "Whistler and the Royal Society of British Authors," "Whistler on His Travels." The book is also mentioned under "Chronicle and Comment."

The Woman Errant.

Persons who enjoyed "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" and "The People of the Whirlpool" will wish to read their successor, which is written in much the same vein. The scene is laid in the country home of Barbara and Evans. The author has something to say on the subject of the woman domestic in connection with the woman errant.

Selected Sermons of Jonathan Edwards. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by H. Norman Gardiner.

Besides the lengthy introduction by Professor Gardiner, there are seven sermons in this little volume, and a frontispiece portrait of the great preacher.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

David. A Tragedy. By Cale Young Rice.

A dramatic poem in four acts, brought out in an especially numbered edition. The author is the husband of the creator of "Mrs. Wiggs."

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

D'Mars' Affinity. By J. M. Bloomer.

After having been a farmer, a mechanic, a labour advocate, a lawyer, and an editor, Mr. Bloomer decided to become an author, and this "romance of love's final test in time and tide" is the result. The novel belongs to the sensational order. Of the illustrations, the less said the better.

Putnam's Sons:

The Story of Anglo-Saxon Institutions, or The Development of Constitutional Government. By Sidney C. Tapp, Ph.B.

A book which traces the rise of local government and constitutional law. While the author has gone deeply into the subject, he has not made his work too technical for the general reader.

A Mediæval Princess. Being a True Record of the Changing Fortunes Which Brought Divers Titles to Jacqueline, Countess of Holland, together with an Account of Her Conflict with Philip, Duke of Burgundy (1401-1436). By Ruth Putnam.

"Only a very audacious romancer would dare to make his heroine pass through more varied fortunes than those actually experienced by Jacqueline," says Miss Putnam in a preface to her book, which she speaks of as footnotes of history. It is interesting to see the contemporary of Jeanne D'Arc receive some attention, as the princess has been somewhat neglected by posterity.

The English People. A Study of their Political Psychology. By Émile Boutmy. Translated from the French by E. English.

Mr. John Edward Courtenay Bodley, Corresponding Member of the French Institute, has written quite a lengthy introduction to M. Boutmy's work. "While this volume deals with British institutions in their relation with British character and British life," says Mr. Bodley, "every page shows it to be the work of an alien hand."

The Trail of Lewis and Clark. 1804-1904. By Olin D. Wheeler. Two volumes.

The author, a member of the Minnesota Historical Society, writes the story of the exploration across the Continent in 1804-06, and describes the changes found a century later. The volumes are profusely illustrated.

A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States. In the Years 1853-1854. By Frederick Law Olmsted. Two volumes.

In 1853 Mr. Olmsted made this journey through the Seaboard Slave States, and published an account of it in the New York "Daily Times," under the signature of "Yeoman." Since that time the author has made a second and more extended visit to the South, and these volumes are the result. Professor William P. Trent has written an introduction, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., a biographical sketch of the author.

Revell Company:

Ballads of Valor and Victory. Being Stories in Song from the Annals of America. By Clinton Scollard and Wallace Rice.

In this collaboration may be found about fifty poems, most of them with a patriotic flavour. Among others, there are a number of ballads on the incidents of the war with Spain. The authors are both well known.

Scribner's Sons:

The Illustrators of Montmarte. By Franklin Emanuel.

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The third in the Langham Series of Art Monographs, edited by Selwyn Brinton, M.A. The illustrators of Montmarte mentioned in this little imported volume are: "Steinlen, Caran D'Ache, Lautrec, Balluriau, Vallotton, Morin, Huard, Wely, Malteste, Forain, and Leandre.

Sir John Vanbrugh. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by A. E. H. Swain.

An imported volume in the Mermaid Series. Besides the introductory and biographical matter, the book contains the four plays of Sir John Vanbrugh, which were admired during the whole course of the eighteenth century. These are "The Relapse," "The Provok'd Wife," "The Confederate," and "A Journey to London."

The Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels. By Thomas Ingoldsby.

An imported volume in the Caxton Series of illustrated reprints of famous classics, printed on Japanese vellum.

Man and Woman. By Havelock Ellis.

An enlarged and revised edition of a book which first appeared in London in 1894. In the preface to that edition the author says: "To the best of my ability I have here presented an anthropological and psychological study of those secondary sexual differences which recent investigation has shown to exist among civilised human races." The book is one of a series on Contemporary Science, edited by Mr. Ellis.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Real New York. By Rupert Hughes.

Mr. Hughes has written his book in a light vein, and the artist, Mr. Mayer, has illustrated the text with drawings of the various types familiar to real New Yorkers. The book is adapted for summer reading.

Street and Smith:

The Show Girl and Her Friends. By Roy L. McCardell.

Another volume of stage stories by the author of "Conversation of a Chorus Girl." The book is full of Rialto types and Rialto slang, and is written for the sole purpose of amusement.

Wessels Company:

New England in Letters. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

An illustrated volume by the author of "Rambles in Colonial Byways." Mr. Wilson has visited all the noteworthy literary landmarks of New England, and the reader may travel with him through Longfellow's country, Whittier Land, Hawthorne's Salem, Cambridge, Boston, the Berkshires and Connecticut.

Boston.

Ginn and Company:

Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes. By Mrs. A. S. Hardy.

A book for very little girls, appropriate for this season of the year.

Page and Company:

The Watchers of the Trails. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

In his preface to this book of animal life which is in a way a sequel to "The Kindred of the Wild," Mr. Roberts says that these stories are avowedly fiction, and that they are at the same time true, "in that the material of which they are moulded consists of facts." Mr. Roberts spent most of his boyhood on the fringes of the forest, as he expresses it, and the "earliest enthusiasms which he can recollect are connected with some of the furred or feathered kindred." The volume contains many illustrations by Mr. Charles Livingston Bull, and it is dedicated to Ernest Thompson Seton.

The Sign of Triumph. By Sheppard Stevens.

A romance of the Children's Crusade, in the thirtenth century. This is a period neglected by the novelist seeking historical background. Therefore, Mrs. Stevens has the field to herself at the present time. In this tale the author has followed the fate of the French children in their march to the sea.

The Bright Face of Danger. By Robert Neilson Stephens.

An historical romance by the author of "An Enemy to the King," which relates the further adventures of Henri de Launay, son of the Sieur de la Tournoire. Among the best selling books for June we erroneously credited Mr. Stephens's story to another publishing house, instead of to Messrs. L. C. Page and Company.

Azalim. By Mark Ashton.

Jezebel, Queen of Israel, is the chief character in Mr. Ashton's romance of old Judea. Contrasted with her are the prophet Elijah and the shepherd Azalim. Like this author's earlier work, "She Stands Alone," the entire story is founded on Biblical history.

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The Second Mrs. Jim. By Stephen Conrad.

Mrs. Jim is a good-natured, quaintly humorous step-mother, having married a prosperous farmer with two boys. She tells her own story in her own kind of dialect, and probably owes her being to the success of "Mrs. Wiggs."

Hemming, the Adventurer. By Theodore Roberts.

The first book of Mr. Roberts, who, by the way, is a brother of the author of "The Kindred of the Wild." The scenes are laid in London, South America, the West Indies, and in New York, and the plot is a sufficiently interesting one to keep the reader's thoughts from wandering.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Territorial Acquisitions of the United States, 1787-1904. An Historical Review. By Edward Bicknell.

A very small book which gives briefly the story of the acquisition of territory by which the states along the Atlantic coast have grown into the United States of America. This is the third edition, revised and enlarged.

Brooklyn.

Brooklyn Eagle:

Being Done Good. By Edward B. Lent.

This rather clumsy title stands for comments on the advance made by medical science during the past five thousand years in the treatment of rheumatism. In a note prefacing the book, Mr. Charles M. Skinner expresses the opinion that Mr. Lent's chapter on homeopathy is one of the most searching since Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Currents and Counter Currents."

Cambridge.

Riverside Press:

Book-Lovers, Bibliomaniacs, and Book Clubs. By Henry H. Harper.

A privately printed book which the author kindly sends us with his compliments. He has long mingled with publishers, booksellers, biblophiles, collectors, and bibliomaniacs, and what he has to say on the subjects indicated in the title should prove of valuable assistance.

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

Uncle Bob and Aunt Becky's Strange Adventures at the World's Great Exposition. By Herschel Williams.

The story of this rural couple's trip from Skowhegan to the goal of their ambition reads something like a comic opera. They leave home in an ox-cart and return in an automobile, and their experiences in the meantime are conducive to mirth and laughter.

McClurg and Company:

A Selection from the World's Great Orations. Chosen and Edited with a Series of Introductions by Sherwin Cody.

In this volume, illustrative of the history of oratory and the art of public speaking, the editor has chosen orations by Demosthenes, Cicero, Savonarola, Bossuet, Mirabeau, Chatham, Burke, Fox, Grattan, Webster, Beecher, and Gladstone. Other volumes in the same series are "A Selection from the World's Greatest Short Stories," and "The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe."

Stone and Company:

Painters Since Leonardo. By James William Pattison.

A history of painting from the Renaissance to the present time, handsomely illustrated. In the making of this history, Mr. Pattison has made almost no classification, but he has allowed the great men "to stand on their own feet," while he has not neglected to keep in view the relationship of one man's art to his fellow's, or the relationship of schools. Mr. Pattison's photograph is reproduced under "Chronicle and Comment."

Cleveland.

Clark Company:

The Philippine Islands 1493-1898. Edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylor Bourne.

Volume XIV. covers the period from 1605 to 1609. See preceding numbers of THE BOOKMAN for further notice of this work.

Early Western Travels. 1748-1846. Edited with notes, introductions, index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites.

Volume III. in the series of annotated reprints of some of the best and rarest contemporary works of travel.

Cincinnati.

Phonographic Institute Company:

The Phonographic Amanuensis. By Jerome B. Howard.

A small volume which presents the Pitman system of phonography. It is especially adapted to the uses of business

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and other schools devoted to the training of shorthand amanuenses.

Hamilton, New York.

Ewart (Frank C.):

Notes on Rostand's "L'Aiglon" with Introduction. By Frank C. Ewart.

A pamphlet containing notes which make possible a better appreciation of Rostand's play.

London.

Stock (Elliot):

Books Condemned to be Burnt. By James Anson Farrer.

An imported volume of unique interest. The following chapter-headings will give an idea as to the scope of the book: The Sixteenth Century Book-Fires, Book-Fires Under James I., Charles the First's Book-Fires, Book-Fires of the Rebellion, Book-Fires of the Restoration, Book-Fires of the Revolution, and the last chapter on Our Last Book-Fires tells of the abolition of this custom in the eighteenth century.

Louisville, Ky.

Sheltman and Company:

Under the Sun, or, The Passing of the Incas. By Charles W. Buck.

A story of Old Peru by a former United States Minister to that country. The book first appeared about two years ago.

Philadelphia.

Johnson and Company:

The Life of John Marshall. By Henry Flanders.

Mr. Flander's "Life of Marshall" was originally issued in his "Lives and Times of the Chief Justices of the United States," but it has been deemed expedient to make a separate book of it. Mr. Flanders is a member of the Philadelphia Bar.

Constitution of the United States. By Henry Flanders.

A brief treatise which in its present revised and enlarged form is in its fifth edition. It has been adopted for use in the United States Military Academy at West Point as well as in the schools for officers in the United States Army.

Lippincott Company:

Saul and the Rise of the Hebrew Monarchy. By the Reverend Robert Sinker, D.D.

The Age of Daniel and the Exile. By the Rev. A. Mitchell Hunter, M.A.

Two new volumes imported in the Temple Series of Bible characters and Scripture hand-books.

Moore (Charles Leonard):

The Red Branch Crests. By Charles Leonard Moore.

Three dramatic poems, entitled Déirdre, Mève, and Cuchulain.

Teignmouth, Devonshire.

Speight and Walpole:

The Golden Trade, or, A Discovery of the River Gambra, and the Golden Trade of the Æthiopians. By Richard Jobson. 1623. Now reprinted for the first time; edited by Charles G. Kingsley. With woodcut ornamentations based on West African designs by R. Morton Nance.

An imported volume, the first of the Mary Kingsley Travel Books. The edition is limited to three hundred numbered copies.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order to demand as sold between June and July, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lure of Gold. Millard. (Clode.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

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Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Little Union Scout. Harris. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
3. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Susannah and One Other. Albanesi. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Transgression of Andrew Vane. Carryl. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Anna the Adventuress. Oppenheim. (Little-Brown.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Anna the Adventuress. Oppenheim. (Little-Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Adventures of Elizabeth. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant. Shaw. (Stone.) $2.50.
5. Olive Latham. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Guide to the Birds of N. E. Hoffmann. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50 net.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
5. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggins. (Houghton.) $1.25.

Chicago, Ill.

1. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano's.) $1.25 net.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Quintessence of Ibsenism. Shaw. (Brentano's.) $1.00.
4. Romance. Conrad & Heupper. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Double Garden. Maeterlinck. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.40 net.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
3. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Dallas, Texas.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.25.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Texas Matchmaker. Adams. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Heart of My Heart. Meredith. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Ouray Jim. Stickney. (Ledger Pub. Co.) 75c.

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Detroit, Mich.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.25.
4. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Grafters. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Darrow Enigma. Severy. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Little Union Scout. Harris. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Pamela Congreve. Matthews. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.25.

New Haven, Conn.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Daughter of Dab. Taylor. (Century.) $1.50.
3. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Bright Face of Danger. Stephans. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.19.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.19.
3. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.19.
4. Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Pub. Co.) $1.19.
5. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.19.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.19.

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Omaha, Neb.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Uncle Mac's Neb. Leighton. (Holt.) $1.25.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Robert Cavelier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) $1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Givers. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Kin O'Ktaadin Day. (Small-Maynard.) $1.00 net.
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
2. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Romance. Conrad. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.25.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.25.
6. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Adventures of Elizabeth. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Olive Latham. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) 25c.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Dorothea. Maartens. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Faith of Men. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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Toledo, O.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

Toronto, Canada.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Copp-Clark.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. The Silent Places. White. (Morang.) $1.25.
5. Brave Hearts. Fraser. (Morang.) $1.25.
6. The Imperialist. Cotes. (Copp-Clark.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Appleton. $1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Seiners. Connolly. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Watchers of the Trail. Roberts. (Page.) $2.00.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50 308
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50 105
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 78
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 62
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50 49
6. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50 44

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